

# JOSEPH F. McDONALD: THE LIFE OF A NEWSBOY IN NEVADA

Interviewee: Joseph F. McDonald

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## Description

Joseph F. McDonald has had an unusually rich and varied life, stretching over almost seventy years of Nevada's history. A native of Colorado, he was born in 1891, and his life initially revolved around lumber and mining camps. He came to Nevada in 1906, arriving in Goldfield—then at the height of its prosperity. He soon moved to Rawhide, which was also at raucous high tide. McDonald's oral interview contains memories of labor strife in Goldfield, the Rawhide fire, and the famous eulogy for Riley Grannan. There are also memories of such important people in Nevada's history as George Wingfield and Tex Rickard.

McDonald gives the reader reminiscences of his years at the University of Nevada, where he was a student. Coming to Reno in 1908, he made a success of his student years, eventually becoming manager of the Sagebrush. He speaks of such prominent university teachers and officials at that time as President Joseph Stubbs, Silas Ross, Jay Carpenter, James E. Church, and many others.

But McDonald's chief calling, and main contribution to Reno's history, was in the field of journalism. He began delivering newspapers at the age of twelve. In 1915, McDonald began work at the Nevada State Journal, being employed by that newspaper and by the Reno Evening Gazette for the next forty-two years, and filling all slots up to that of publisher.

Being at the nerve center of political life, McDonald shares rich memories of Nevadans such as Tasker Oddie, Key Pittman, and particularly of Patrick A. McCarran. McCarran was the official with whom he had the closest ties, and is described by McDonald as the most effective Senator Nevada ever had, and a "fighting Irishman." In addition, McDonald remembers many important local events such as the Cole-Malley case, the McKay-Graham case, the establishment and naming of Idlewild Park, and the story of highway construction in Nevada, plus recounting his impression of many other local happenings.

This oral history holds a fascination for those in the field of journalism. McDonald describes reporting techniques when he began his career with the Nevada State Journal, and there are memories of Graham Sanford, A. L. Higginbotham, and others important to the history of journalism in this state.

After his retirement in 1957, McDonald has traveled widely, and most importantly has been busy on the Lake Tahoe Area Council, being interested in the orderly development of the Lake Tahoe area.



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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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## PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber  
Director, UNOHP  
July 2012

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## INTRODUCTION

Joseph F. McDonald is a native of Colorado, born in 1891. He has long been prominent in journalism in Nevada. Professor Jerome Edwards outlines and assesses Mr. McDonald's newspaper career in his special introduction.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Mr. McDonald accepted graciously. Although he was sometimes ill, he was an enthusiastic memoirist through eight recording sessions between March 13 and April 29, 1970, all at his home in Reno. Declining only occasionally to touch a few topics, Mr. McDonald enjoyed remembering his experiences, giving full accounts of much previously unknown Nevada political and newspaper history.

Mr. McDonald's review of his oral history script resulted in only a few minor changes to clarify some statements and to supplement information. The memoir includes accounts of his life in various Colorado and Nevada towns, his career with the Reno newspapers, relationships with political and social figures,

civic affairs in western Nevada, and a brief conclusion.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the reminiscences of persons who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the recordings are deposited in the Special Collections Departments of the University of Nevada Libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Joseph F. McDonald has generously assigned his literary rights to the University of Nevada, and designated his oral history as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass  
University of Nevada, Reno  
1970



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## SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

This oral interview has many salient and fascinating ideas for anyone interested in Nevada history, or in the history of local journalism. Joseph McDonald has had an unusually rich and varied life, stretching over almost seventy years of the state's history. A native son of Colorado, he was born in 1891 and his life initially revolved around lumber and mining camps. He came to the Silver State in 1906, arriving in Goldfield—then at the height of its prosperity. He soon moved to Rawhide, which was also at raucous high tide. McDonald's oral interview contains memories of labor strife in Goldfield, the Rawhide fire, the famous eulogy for Riley Grannan, attended by "the girls and the bartenders and the gamblers, the prospectors." There are also memories of such important people in Nevada's history as George Wingfield and Tex Rickard.

McDonald gives the reader reminiscences of his years at the University of Nevada where he was a student. Coming to the "big city" of Reno in 1908, he made a success of his student years, eventually becoming manager

of the *Sagebrush*. He speaks of such prominent University teachers and officials at that time as President Joseph Stubbs, Silas Ross, Jay Carpenter, James E. Church, and many others.

But McDonald's chief calling, and main contribution to Rena's history, was in the field of journalism. He began delivering newspapers at the age of twelve. By age seventeen he was earning the above-average salary of \$1,600 a year. In 1915, McDonald began work at the *Nevada State Journal*, being employed by that newspaper and by the *Reno Evening Gazette* for the next forty-two years, and filling all slots up to that of publisher. Being at the nerve center of political life, McDonald shares rich memories of Nevadans such as Tasker Oddie, Key Pittman, and particularly of Patrick A. McCarran. McCarran was the official with whom he had the closest ties, and is described by McDonald as the most effective Senator Nevada ever had, and a "fighting Irishman." Many would argue he was biased in favor of McCarran. McDonald disarms all such criticism by unabashedly agreeing: "I was often accused of

making the newspaper into a mouthpiece for McCarran. Well, I did as best I could.” Thus he shared McCarran’s irritation toward such late-coming upstarts as Tom Mechling, who invaded state politics in 1952.

In addition, McDonald remembers many important local events such as the Cole-Malley case, the McKay-Graham case, the establishment and naming of Idlewild Park, and the story of highway construction in Nevada, plus recounting his impression of many other local happenings.

But this oral interview is not all politics. It has additional fascination for those in the field of journalism. McDonald describes reporting techniques when he began his career with the *Nevada State Journal*, and there are memories of Graham Sanford, A. L. Higginbotham, and others important to the history of journalism in this state.

McDonald has kept active since his retirement in 1957. He has traveled widely, and most importantly has been busy on the Lake Tahoe Area Council, being interested in the “orderly development” of the Lake Tahoe area.

When asked for the reason for his success, McDonald replied it was due to his “good fortune in making good friends all down through the years, starting when I was a youngster.” He seemingly has few regrets about his past. A warm, genial spirit pervades the entire oral interview, as McDonald affectionately describes his prominent friends to us and sheds light on important aspects of Nevada’s history.

Jerome E. Edwards  
Associate Professor of History  
University of Nevada, Reno  
1970

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## MY EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

I was born on August the fourth, 1891, in Denver, Colorado, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard F. McDonald. My mother, Cecelia Kelligher, was an Irish immigrant who had come to this country when she was eighteen years old. She lived with an aunt and worked for an aunt in New Britain, Connecticut. She was born in County Leatham, Ireland, one of five children, three girls and two boys. Two of the girls became nuns, and there wasn't enough money there for my mother to go in the seminary to become a nun. So they had sent her passage money to come to New Britain where they had run a boardinghouse. And she was a worker, worked for her aunt 'til she paid her passage money back. She worked there for a while until she got her debt squared and then started out on her own.

She landed in Butte, Montana, after traveling over the greater part of the United States, including Los Angeles and San Francisco and working as a domestic wherever she could get work. She had a fair education in Ireland. She lived on this little farm, and there was a small school there, what would be

the equivalent of a junior high school in this country now.

She got employment in Butte, which was in a booming mining camp, about 1889, got a job as an assistant manager of a miners' boardinghouse, and that's where she met my dad. He was a carpenter—carpenter and joiner they called them then—a carpenter and a cabinetmaker. She quit her job at the boardinghouse and they went to Helena, Montana, to be married. After they were married, they returned to Butte, and then to Denver, Colorado. And Denver was then just coming into its own, as what they called the “queen city of the Plains” at that time. Mile-high town, mile-high city.

Eighteen months after I was born, my dad, looking for a job, got in contact with what was called the Laws Lumber Company that operated several mills in New Mexico outside of Ratoon, on what was then called the Red River. It was near the little town called Catskill.

We moved down there, and my dad built a little house in a field. We had a nice garden, but there was no milk for the baby. So he

bought a cow, and that was the start of a dairy business. I remember lying out in the field, in the garden, when I was a little bit of a baby. We had a good cow; it gave so much milk that we couldn't use it all, so my dad started selling it to the neighbors. The demand became so great that he subsequently got another cow and started really a dairy.

I suppose in this little lumber town there was maybe three hundred people; I don't know how many children. And as a consequence, the dairy business grew and grew and grew and blossomed into a good-sized herd of cattle. The range was free then. They ranged free right around, not far from our home. My mother milked, took care of the milk, and my dad took care of the cattle. He also kept his job in the mill, so he was quite a busy individual at the time. Of course, I can't remember very much of this. I was getting along about two years old, so I just have a faint recollection of the surroundings there in that very nice little place.

My father was a native of Bangor, Maine, son of a farmer back there. He had very little education, but he was apprenticed as a youngster as a carpenter, and that's how he happened to become a carpenter. And when he came West to the mining camps, why, he became a mine carpenter, and as I recall, was supposed to be a pretty good one.

Well, the mills in the Laws Lumber Company, when they'd run out of timber in one area, they'd move the mill down the stream—or up, whichever [it] might be—down the stream—and there was a railroad [that] ran down there, just a logging road. And so when they moved the mill, the whole town moved with them. So then we had to move—move downstream—oh, I suppose seven or eight miles downstream.

There was a country road ran from that little town of Catskill, which was twenty miles

away, just down by there, and that's all there was. The doctor lived in Catskill, and he'd make a trip down the canyon on horseback once a week to visit everybody along the line to see if they needed any help. The only thing I can recall about that is once he came in the house, and I was feeling kind of sick (I was along—I'd say I was about six years old then). He came in and he said, "You got the measles. You go to bed." So that was my first experience.

About the same time, or a little while after—a little while later on, they had a smallpox scare. There was a lot of Mexicans lived in that [town]. And they had [an] epidemic of smallpox in there, and they had this smallpox scare, and they vaccinated me. I can feel that thing today on my left arm. That sure did hurt. I recovered from the measles all right.

In the meantime, my mother taught. She was well educated, that is, for that time, and she read lots and she could write nicely, and we got a whole set of McGuffey's readers—One, Two, Three, Four, Five, and Six. So she taught me from McGuffey's readers. And I got a pretty good—pretty fair knowledge of [reading]. And I had a copy book to learn to write, and I learned that. And so we got along pretty good.

My hunting companion was a dog which we got away down in there. And there were no kids right around where I lived. My ol' dog, his name was Dewey. He was named after Admiral Dewey of the Spanish-American War.

Finally, the timber that belonged to the Laws Lumber Company was all cut out, and they decided to move the mill clear over into another canyon, miles away. So my folks decided they was going to move. They thought I ought to go someplace where I could go to school. In the meantime, my dad had built a schoolhouse in this little lumber town, and he built all the desks and everything, and I went to school there for a short time. But they decided



I'd be better off going someplace where we could go to school. Besides, things were getting pretty dull in that neck of the woods.

So it was time to move. So they decided to move to Victor, Colorado. They chose Victor because Victor was a pretty lively mining camp at the time. I was about nine—I was ten—about ten years old. That was about 1902, I think.

We had two horses and a buckboard. We loaded up all our personal belongings in this buckboard. I sat on the back of the buckboard while my mother and dad drove up this country road. It was quite a little trip. I can't remember how many miles, but it was quite a way. We had to go to Florence, Colorado, and then on up a country road to Victor. Just as we were getting near Victor, by a little town called Golconda, one of the back wheels on the buckboard dished out. And we were stranded there overnight. I remember that so well because my folks didn't know just what to do. But my dad decided he'd see if he couldn't get a wheel to fix up that wagon because we would've been camping out overnight, anyhow.

So the next day, why, they found out how to get to Victor. It was about five or six miles away. So we drove over there. Of course, the first thing to do is to find a place to live. They found a little house at a town called Hollywood that was a suburb of Victor, about a half a mile beyond Victor. So they found a house there, which they paid about fifty dollars for, I think. It was just a two-room house, had a nice yard around it so my dad could have a garden.

And he went to work there. First, he went to work there as a mine carpenter. Then in order to get work, he had to join the miners' union, which he did. Then he started working for a house moving outfit.

I started school at the old Washington school in Victor. By the education that my

mother had taught me, I was able to. enter the third grade in grammar school. And as I recall, I got along pretty good. I enjoyed it.

Right close to the school, there was a Catholic church. And so she saw to it that I went to Sunday school right and regularly. Believe me, [with] her wise upbringing, fortunately, I became a good student in school and in church, too, and Sunday school. In catechism, I won a prize once, a book called *Percy Winn*, for being the best in the class. I still have that book.

Well, school was fun. I got to know some kids, something that I hadn't had before. Well, I finished the third grade in the Washington school and was promoted to the fifth grade later on, and that moved me over to another, bigger school, called the Garfield school. It was a long ways from where I lived. In those days, you walked. No matter how deep the snow was, you walked. There were no school buses or things of that nature in those days. You could catch a ride on a lumber wagon once in a while.

In this fifth grade, we had two schoolteachers in the fifth grade, and they were very adamant about smoking or the use of tobacco. They thought that anybody that smoked cigarettes or chewed. tobacco was doomed to destruction. And unfortunately, we didn't agree with them. But if they ever saw you smoking a cigarette, you were sure in trouble. And about once a week, they'd give you a lecture on the use of tobacco and why you shouldn't use it. What effect it had, I don't know. It didn't seem to have much effect on me. Most effect I had was when I'd go home and my mother'd, "Lemme smell your breath." And she'd smell it, and she'd say, "You've been smokin'!" Whang!

Well, from Garfield school, I went to high school. About that time, I was getting to be a pretty good-sized kid. I was about twelve

years old, and I was looking for something to do, some work of some kind. And just fortunately for me, a friend of mine who had a paper route on the old *Victor Daily Record* was going to—his folks were going away on a trip of some kind, and he wanted somebody to carry his route. It was a long, long route which you had to use a horse to deliver on because it covered the whole side—took in all the mines adjacent to Victor, and it was a long, long route.

And just about that time, an old lady friend of my mother's who had been a cook in one of the restaurants, cook in one of the boardinghouses there, and who was an inveterate prospector, she had an old horse and buckboard that she used to haul supplies out to a prospect she had out in the hills south of Victor. And just about that time, the Goldfield excitement was getting under way, and she got itchy feet and decided she's going to Goldfield and make a fortune. So she gave the horse to me, and the wagon and the saddle and everything, along with a little barn where she kept the horse. He was a decrepit old horse, but he could still move. So I took the paper route. That was the start of my newspaper career, of which I'm very happy.

At the outset, I had a hundred and fifty customers, and I covered the whole side of this road. And on top of that, I carried a bundle of papers to another newsboy who carried a route at Independence, Colorado. It was way up there, way up from Victor, way up in the hills there. And the snow used to get deep. The old horse and I'd start out there some mornings when you could hardly see your hand in front of you. The snow coming down—cold! You had to get going about six o'clock in the morning because you're supposed to have your route finished at seven o'clock. And the only day that I always looked forward to was Monday morning because

they didn't publish a paper on Monday. That was a great day for me and the horse.

Generally, the paper would run about eight pages. It was a small newspaper. It ran about eight pages; seven-column, eight-page paper. They got a lively little newspaper, as I recall. I wish I had kept some of them, but I didn't. In our moving around, we never kept those things like I should've. But in the course of carrying that newspaper, I met some very fine people, including the circulation manager of the paper, whose name was Jim White, and the publisher by the name of George Kyner.

And times were getting a little tough in Victor then. About that time, the miners' strike came. And it sure made things tough. So they gave me the job as not only carrying the paper route for five dollars a week—. I fed my own horse. They gave an additional job to me as collector for the whole works. You didn't collect your own; you collected routes that had a collector to collect everything, all the routes. And so I got—as I recall, I got another five dollars a week for doing that. So I was sitting on the world with money.

And at the same time, I took a job there as an apprentice in the newspaper plant, an apprentice printer and pressman. They combined them both together there. I learned a lot, too. I enjoyed it. I was what they called a printer's devil around there. Believe me, I was! Melted metal and swept the floor and

[I'd] get my money on Mondays and [the] first place I'd go was to a candy store right up the alley and change the five-dollar bill and get a big, big hunk of chocolate candy. I've always liked chocolate. That was the extent of my dissipation. I gave my money to my mother because we needed it.

Well, when the Cripple Creek strike came along in 1903, my dad was a member of the union, of course; he couldn't work. And about that time, he suffered a stroke—stroke

of paralysis. And he had what they said was sciatic rheumatism, and what I think it was now was just plain old arthritis. But he was a pretty sick man. He had never been active in union affairs at all. And nevertheless, they sent the militia in there, the Colorado militia, into Cripple Creek on the pretext that there was riots and it was so dangerous. But there was no rioting up to that time at all, as I recall. They sent them in there and they rounded up the union miners and stuck them in what they called a "bullpen," an old vacated hall. My dad was among those arrested.

They sent a whole squad of militia out to arrest him. I can see 'em doing that—I can see that today, that they marched him off to this hall, and he was a sick man. They kept him there for about three weeks, and he came home one night and he said, "I've got to leave town. That's what they said. I had to leave town." A lot of the others, they just deported 'em. They loaded them on railroad cars and just shipped them out of the state into the center of Kansas. But they didn't deport him. They just sent him home and told him he had to leave town. He had twenty-four hours to get out of town, to leave the country on his own.

So he and my mother gathered together what few dollars they had, and away they went. In the meantime, I worked on the newspaper, and the newspaper was very favorable to the miners. And so it just died and died down and died down and died down. And along came this—Curing the course of the strike, there was some violence.

My dad left Victor and he went up to Salida, Colorado, where he got a job on the railroad up there. He was working there on the railroad and dropped a bar on his wrist and wrecked it. And so he came home. He had to quit up there and come home. He came home, and about that time Goldfield had come into being. It was a-booming. So

he decided he couldn't work in Victor. If he could—if he was able to work, he couldn't have got a job there. So they decided to go to Goldfield. So they got what money they could together, and he boarded a train for Goldfield.

And I never saw him again. My mother and I were supposed to meet him in Goldfield within a year or so. So within a year or so, we decided to go to Goldfield. That was in 1906. And the Goldfield boom was in 1905, and so we went to Goldfield. We got into Goldfield just the day after Labor Day, which was very disappointing to me because the Gans-Nelson fight was in Goldfield on Labor Day, 1906, and I wanted to get there in time to see that fight, but we didn't make it.

We went on the train and stopped at Hazen to change cars. And that's where I made my first money in Nevada, at Hazen. Got out, had to wait around there for about four or five hours for the connection for the train to Goldfield. And I went over to the little town of Hazen and went into a restaurant and saloon, and the fellow that ran the place said, asked me, says, "You want to make a buck or two, kid?"

And I said, "Yes."

He said, "Go down to the depot over there and bring those gas tanks over here, some of those gas tanks they use for beer." So I went over and brought over three of those things, and he gave me a dollar and a half. That was the first money I ever made in Nevada. And my mother was on the train, and I went over and got my mother and brought her over and gave her a big feed.



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GOLDFIELD DAYS

When my mother and I arrived in Goldfield on a cold wintry day in 1906, in September, [it was] on one of several trains that ran into Goldfield in those days, a passenger train. We picked up a passenger train at Hazen. They just built what they called the Hazen cutoff, and that bypassed the old Carson-Colorado Railroad. The Southern Pacific went right into Mina, then it connected with the Tonopah and Goldfield. That was a railroad that was built from Tonopah to Miller's, mostly to haul ore.

We got to the Goldfield depot and there was a bus there, and so we took the bus uptown (of course, we didn't know anything about the community at all), went uptown and began looking around for a place to live. And my mother finally saw an old friend on the street, a woman from Colorado. She told [my mother] about where she thought there was a house close to town that she could rent [at] a reasonable price, and I think, if I recall correctly, it was about thirty-five dollars a month, which was real cheap, and it was a nice house, much nicer than the house we left

in Colorado. And it was out in the Sun Dog Avenue area, which was a very fine residential part of Goldfield.

Booming—Goldfield was just booming! The first thing we did was hunt for a place to live. We had never had a very good place to live in Victor, so my mother wanted to get a better place to live.

We couldn't find my dad. He'd left Goldfield and gone to Rhyolite when it just started to boom—another little mining camp. And like all these miners anyplace, there was a boom on tap, why, that's where they wanted to be. And his health wasn't good anyhow, so he decided to go down there where it was warmer, he thought. So he'd gone down there, and when we got to Goldfield, we couldn't even find him. We found an old friend of his who told us that he had gone to Rhyolite. But my mother said she wasn't going to go to Rhyolite, no matter what. So we found a little old house in Goldfield and rented it.

That very same day, I started out to see if I could find a job. So I went to the *Goldfield Chronicle* first and asked for a job, and the

fellow asked me what I could do, and I told him I was an apprentice, and I was a mailer, I knew how to put out mail, and I could sell papers, and so he gave me a job as a mailer at ten dollars a week, which was pretty good—that is, for me. It wasn't too good for those times down there for the prices and things. But at least, it was a job. I went to work for the *Goldfield Chronicle* as a mailer and then sold *Goldfield Tribunes* and *Goldfield Chronicles* and *San Francisco Examiners* and *Reno Journals*.

I might digress here for a minute and pay a little tribute to the news kids. Mining camp newsboys were a breed of their own. "Buy 'em for a nickel, sell 'em for a dollar or a dime. You'll get rich, but it'll take a long time." That was their philosophy, these kids. And they contributed a lot to the color of these mining camps and to their welfare, too. But you met some of the greatest characters that you'll ever meet in your life. People were friendly and kind and generous. People were awful nice to the news kids. You worked from morning 'til night. No matter how cold it was, or hot, you tramped those dusty, muddy streets. You met some of the most interesting characters and made friends that lasted for life.

We not only sold newspapers on the streets, but we did other things to make a dollar here and there. In Goldfield, for instance, a fellow by the name of Jake Goodfriend, who owned the red light district and who promoted a weekly boxing card, and another news kid and I used to fight preliminaries on this boxing card. Of course, we fixed it up so we weren't going to hurt each other. But we got five dollars a fight. And they'd generally have one or two good fights on a card, and they'd have three or four preliminaries. And this other kid and I'd fight a preliminary, and we were mostly sure that we weren't going to hurt each other. We'd get

in there and put on a good scrap as best we knew how without getting hurt and get our five dollars, and it was great sport.

A lot of those Goldfield fights that they promoted down there, there was some pretty—Abe Atell was one that fought down there in the old days, and a fellow by the name of Freddy Weeks was a headliner in other places.

But we used to have some great times on the newspapers. We had some fine customers. And Goldfield, as in all these mining camps, the red light districts were the most potent customer there was. I mean, you could sell papers in there to those girls. When they had money, they were very generous, and they bought all the newspapers, and you always made for those places right off the bat. And in Goldfield, the red light district was a big one, down kind of—I guess it'd be kind of northwest of Goldfield, the northwest section of Goldfield.

But over on Columbia Avenue, which was parallel to Main Street of Goldfield, which was one of the main streets of Goldfield, there were two very elaborate houses erected over there that had been converted into what they called "parlor houses" in those days. And along about midnight on these old cold nights, we'd make for one of these parlor houses with a bundle of papers under our arms. And we'd land in there about midnight, and the maid would let me in. And I'd go in, and she'd call, "Missy, here's that newsboy again."

And Missy'd come, and Missy'd have some young mining engineer in tow who wanted to make a hit with her, and she'd come out there, and she'd say, "Kid, why aren't you home? It's midnight, and you ought to be home!"

And I'd always say, "I can't go home 'til I sell these papers." I always had fifty papers under my arm. "I can't go home 'til I sell these papers."



And she'd say to this guy, "Lookit. Buy this kid's papers, willya? Let him go home."

So she'd take me out in the kitchen, and she'd get five dollars from the fellow and give it to me for the papers and take me out in the kitchen and give me a cup of coffee and a doughnut, and give me back all the papers. I'd go on my way out the back door with my papers intact and go home with my five dollars. And I didn't do that only once, but time and time again we'd do that. I think news kids had a kind of code of ethics of their own. That spot was my customer. And the other kids didn't butt in, and I never butted in to other kids' customers.

And I'd take the bundle of papers home. It was hard to get firewood in those days in Goldfield. I'd take these papers home and roll 'em up, my mother and I, and burn them for fuel. We had a little cabin [then] down on Broadway, just a little tent cabin.

That's where I met the Polin brothers. I knew them in Victor. The Polin brothers were characters. They sure added a lot to that camp of Goldfield. They came there from Victor, two Polish Jews, one named Harry and one named Louie. Harry was a businessman. Louie was a business getter, and he had a booming voice. And they built a newsstand, portable newsstand, right out on the corner, right off of the Northern Saloon in Goldfield, on Cook Avenue and Main Street. And they got papers from all over the world. Anybody come around and want a newspaper, no matter where it was, they'd write and get one. So as a consequence, They had newspapers from all places, all over the world. And Louie'd yell out there, "Your hometown newspaper!" And you could hear him for miles. And they did a terrific business. They sold magazines and newspapers. They were pretty good people. They got to be awful good friends of mine.

I'd known them in Victor where they used to sell papers on the street.

just about that time, Goldfield began to peter out on account of the strike down there in that so-called "depression" they had in those years.

Well, the Goldfield strike was—the IWW came in then. It was The Western Federation of Miners came in there, and the reason they had the strike more than anything else was Goldfield was a high grade camp. And these fellows went in there, they made so much money stealing ore, high grading, that they used to even forget to go after their paycheck. And so finally, the mining company put in change rooms. And some of the guys in the miners' union thought that was wrong, That they cut off Their source of supply. And the heads of the Western Federation of Miners then [were] Charles H. Moyer, William D. Haywood, and George Pettibone. Bill Haywood afterwards became one of the Bolsheviks in Russia in the early days of Russia.

So the strike became quite an affair. And the miners published a little newspaper there. I forgot now what they called it, a little newspaper. And it sold like hotcakes, those things did, [All] it was, it was just a rabid, red hot sheet. There was no news in it, just propaganda and—. But it sure did sell. I used to sell those.

And the mud on the streets in Goldfield, on Cook Avenue and Main Street, would be six inches deep there at times.

I remember the time the Goldfield Hotel was built. It was reputed to be at that time one of the finest hotels on the Pacific Coast. And I guess it was. George Wingfield was one of the prime movers in it, and I've forgotten who else was, except that it was a beautiful hotel; five stories, I think, with well-furnished rooms. And the bar, the bar in that thing was

about—I was there the night it opened. The bar in there was about, I'd say, twenty-five feet long. And behind that bar, there were five bartenders trying to serve the crowd that night. It was a terrific opening they had. And it was a beautiful hotel. Saw that open.

And I saw one thing there. Death Valley Scotty was quite a character in those days, and he used to come into Goldfield occasionally. And he'd stand in front of the Northern Saloon and throw money out in the street. At least, they thought it was money. It wasn't money; it was just slugs, just these twelve and a half-cent slugs. He sure liked to put on a show!

His son lives right here in Reno now. I see him, his wife, and son in church nearly every Sunday. That would be Death Valley Scotty's son's wife and his grandson.

So my mother started looking around, and she finally found an old time friend from Colorado who got her a job helping run a miners' boardinghouse, which was right up her alley. She knew that business. And so we were comfortably settled there for a while. And finally, after several months, the people who owned the house had an opportunity to sell it. We couldn't buy it, and so we had to find another place.

So we went down on Broadway, what was called Broadway (that was way down below on the way between uptown Goldfield and the depot), and got a tent house down there, just a one room tent house. It was a cold, miserable place, but it's the best we could get. And it was the best we could get, so I sold papers, and I finally got a route carrying papers for the *San Francisco Examiner*. And the fellow who owned the route—who owned the agency—he furnished a horse and a wagon. So that was a pretty fair job, as I recall now. I made about twenty-five dollars a month, and he fed the horse. I had about two hundred papers to carry, and I could sell a few on the side. So it

made a pretty fair job out of it. It was a kind of an all-day job because the papers came in at all hours of the day. The trains came in at different times, and so you delivered the papers just as quick as they got to town and sold what you could.

About that time, the new Goldfield High School was completed. And my mother wanted me to go to school. I didn't want to give up my job, but I went over and registered at school there. I registered as a junior because I was a sophomore from Victor High School when we left Victor. And it was pretty slow, school getting started. As I recall, it was awfully slow. And Goldfield was beginning to subside. What they called the "panic of 1907" began to hit in there, and things began to subside, peter off, and business got bad and places were closing up, and money got awful scarce. So I went to school that first semester, the opening semester of Goldfield High School, and then I quit, decided it was about time to get out of there and go to Rawhide.

Well, Jake's Dance Hall was the center of entertainment in Goldfield. This fellow by the name of Jake Goodfriend, he operated this red light district and had a dance hall there, where they'd put on entertainment. They had dances—these girls would dance there. Two bits a dance, and the girl got half of it. If they could, if some guy liked to dance with 'em, he'd give 'em a dollar. Jake brought in girls from all over the Pacific Coast, from Barbary Coast, and there were a whole lot of cribs around there where the girls lived. They were a wild bunch of gals!

There was one named Jimmy Britt. She was a wild little devil. They called her that. Let's see, let me think of some other names. Oh, they had most any name that they could pick out of the air. This Jimmy Britt at that time was quite a well-known prizefighter. And this gal, she was kind of—ol' Jimmy



used to look after her a little bit, and so they started calling her Jimmy Britt. And she'd get drunk, and all she wanted to do was fight with somebody. She was out there having a fight all the time out in that alley. So I never got to be very good friends with her. It was in Rawhide that I got to know the girls better.

Regarding the racial groups in Goldfield, did they have a large Negro population? Not that I recall. I remember one or two Negro bootblacks, but I don't remember any number. We never had any trouble. Had a little racial trouble back in Colorado. They used to run the Mexicans out of Victor. Mexicans'd come to town, come to Victor, that mining town, and there'd be a delegation of miners would meet 'em and turn 'em around and start 'em down the canyon. They didn't want 'em around because they were afraid they'd work for cheaper wages.

I never saw any—never remember any Negro problem at all, or racial problem outside of that. In Goldfield and Rawhide, there wasn't any racial problem at all.

In Rawhide, there were a great number of colored girls that worked down in the red light district. But they never had (trouble). As far as I recall, they never caused any trouble at all. Everybody was for himself in those days. They weren't worried about somebody else's troubles. And they were always willing to help somebody if they needed it. That was the nice thing about those mining camps.

They used to tell some good stories in Goldfield about those mining promoters. There's one fellow by the name of January Jones. They told about he was promoting some mines, and he went to New York on a business trip and got drunk, and he never remembered ever getting to New York. He got home and he never ever remembered visiting New York at all. January Jones, his name was. I remember that name.

And there were some quite eminent men came from that area, in Tonopah and Goldfield. George Wingfield came into Goldfield at a reasonably early date. And Tex Rickard and a fellow named Kid Highley and Ole Elliott built the Northern Saloon. Rickard came in from the Klondike, and they built this Northern Saloon, which was a terrific gambling house. High class! And it was the headquarters for everything. They had a great, big safe in there that was practically the town bank there for a while, because [if] people had any money, they'd take it in there and put it in the safety deposit box in this safe, take a receipt for it because that's the only place they [could keep their money safe].

And the high grading in Goldfield became quite a thing. Of course, I didn't know too much about it; I was just a kid. But I'd heard tell about it. I knew fellows that came from Colorado out there, mining men; they told me that high grading was so good that they used to forget to go to get their paychecks at the end of the month!

And there was assay offices scattered all over Goldfield. Somebody'd start up an assay office. All they was doing was buying gold, high grade gold. These miners who came in selling this gold, they'd bring out a lunch bucketful, or whatever they got out of the mines, and these assayers got wealthy. The miners did all right, too.

I knew George Wingfield then, when I was a kid. Oh, he was a dynamic sort of a fellow. Straight, quick, and aggressive, and recognized as pretty smart in all operations. During that panic of 1907, of course, there was all kinds of rumors about banks going to close and runs on banks, and John S. Cook and Company Bank of Goldfield, of which Wingfield had an interest, they were always talking about runs on these banks. And so they went and got—if I recall, they said it

was a million dollars in gold in twenty-dollar gold pieces, piled right in the window of that bank. They said, "Come and get it. If you want it, come and get it." So that stopped any run.

And I recall a few instances where there were reports that somebody was going to kill Wingfield. So he just strapped a gun on and went right down the middle of the street and told 'em, "Come on." If somebody wanted to shoot him, "Go ahead." He had lots of guts. He was a good citizen.

Well, let's see. What else can you think of that I ought to talk about of Goldfield? What about Mr. Nixon? He was from Winnemucca originally. And I think Nixon staked Wingfield when he first went down to southern Nevada, down at Tonopah. Nixon staked Wingfield, and Wingfield came over to Goldfield and got ahold of some property. Then subsequently, later on, he consolidated all those mines in that Goldfield area into the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company. And there were some good mines in there, the Red Top, and—I've forgotten the names of all the mines. The Goldfield-Con became a terrific company, built this great big mill. Roy Hardy was superintendent of that mill there for a while, I think.

Well, when the Goldfield strike came, miner's strike came, why, Goldfield kind of took a nosedive. And that's when the exodus of Goldfield became quite prominent. Rawhide came on the map just then with a new gold strike, and, of course, everybody was looking for a new gold strike. And everybody who [was] footloose and could get out of there, they headed for Rawhide, out in the desert, sixty miles south of Fallon in a godforsaken, isolated area.

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## LIFE IN RAWHIDE, NEVADA

Rawhide came on the scene. It came on with a bang! And everybody was looking for some place to light because that depression or recession—whatever they called it then—was beginning to be felt all over, and Goldfield was just dying off. And so I decided, “I think I’d better go to Rawhide.” Lots of other people were there, too, so I had a couple of bucks of my own, and so my mother loaded up what few clothes I owned—I didn’t own many—and put ’em in a little old suitcase and started out for Rawhide on a cold old wintry day, and rode the train as far as Liming, and then caught the stage at Liming— two-horse stage, a big buckboard with four seats in it, with two seats for four. And the snow was snowing; it was cold over those roads up that canyon, over rocky roads. But we made it to Rawhide, finally.

I drove up on the main street there, right at what was called Moss’s Corner. That afterward became Riley Grannan’s saloon. It was right opposite where the Northern was built later on. And I didn’t have but very little money. So I only had but a dollar and a half

when I got there. After paying my fare, I got out and went into Moss’s Corner. There was a little restaurant on the corner there, and I paid fifty cents for a stack of hotcakes for dinner.

Then across the street, a fellow had established a rooming house. It was just a long tent, boarded-up tent, and he’d put in about seventy-five cots in this long tent rooming house. And there was no facilities there. There was a men’s room in the back, way in the back. And you paid a dollar for eight hours’ rent for that bed. And you just went in there and crawled in bed the minute the other, next fellow ahead of you used up his eight hours. And you paid your dollar, and when your time was up, why, they woke you up, and you got up, and washed your face if you could with the old dirty towel there.

Then I was broke. I needed to go and make some money to eat. So, up the street, a fellow by the name of I. Davis, who had the post office, was the agent for the Reno papers and for the San Francisco papers and for the Goldfield papers. I went up to see Davis. I didn’t know him. I just told him who I was and

what I needed. I wanted to [know] if he'd give me credit for twenty-five papers so I could go on and make enough money to eat, and he was nice enough to do it. And I never forgot it, either. I had no trouble selling the papers.

So business was really good. And in the course of time, I'd built up a heck of a business there, selling newspapers here, there, and everywhere. And it seems funny to say this, but this was true of all the news kids. The red light district was the principal place to sell papers, red light district and the saloons, the gambling places.

And there was a little incident that occurred to me that's interesting. I had a customer who was down at the roulette in the Northern Saloon for Tex Rickard. And his name was White, and he had white hair, and they called him "Whitey." He was a young fellow; he was a university graduate, graduate [from] the University of Washington, a very nice young fellow. And about every two weeks, he would go out and get drunk. And when he got out on these binges, he'd spend all his money. I'd meet him on the street someplace, and he'd say, "Kid, how much money have you?"

And I'd say, "I don't know. How much do you want?"

He says, "Give me all you've got."

So I just reached in my pocket and handed it to him. Then when he sobered up, he'd come to me and he'd say, "How much money did I get from you, kid?"

And I'd tell him as near as I could guess at it, and he always doubled whatever I told him. So I was always given the best of loaning money.

That's the first place I went when I got the papers. We'd wait for the papers on the stage; they'd come in on the stage. Poor ol' Whitey wound up with a sad end. One night—I didn't see him there early in the evening—but this

night he went out and got drunk and he went over in the red light district and got ahold of some other guy's girl. And he started out with her, and they made the rounds of the town and everything. And then he was taking her back to the house, the Stingaree Gulch (that was the name of that red light district there). He was takin' her home. And he approached this cabin where her boyfriend was inside and he started shooting out the door.

And I happened to be up in that neighborhood selling papers and heard these shots and this excitement. I went up there to see what was going on. And it had been snowing, and there was mud in. that alley. That was a dirty alley, anyhow. There was that mud in that alley and four or five inches of snow in it. And this fellow was shooting through the door. Ol' White pulled a gun out of his pocket and held it up, a great big, long gun. And I saw him, and he began like he was going to shoot back through the door. And there was a messenger kid. They called him "Hoppy"; he was a hopheaded messenger kid, drug addict. He came running up the alley and he saw what was going on—and he was nuts, anyhow. And he saw this White with his gun, and he grabbed the gun, and it went off, and it just blew the top of White's head off. And White fell right in the mud there.

And this girl he was with dropped down to her knees and was beginning—moaning and kissing him. And another ol' gal that was there, an old-timer, she was one of the old-timers around there, she just looked down at all of this—all of these girls had gathered around, and this old-timer looked down at her. I was standing right there, and I heard her say [this] as she looked down at this girl kissing this fellow down in the mud there. And finally, she says, "You'll never be able to speak to that s. b. again. There's been a

man shot over her.” That was how much she thought of it.

There was never anything done about that as far as I recall. There were no arrests made, or no investigation made, or anything of that whole thing. But I sure lost a good customer. That all happened.

Another fellow that I got to know well in Rawhide was Tex Rickard. Well, in the meantime, the Polin brothers, things were getting bad in Goldfield for them, too, so they decided they’d move to Rawhide, too. And they had a spare portable newsstand that they’d had stored in Goldfield. So they brought that over to Rawhide with a fellow by the name of Joe Kelly from Rawhide who worked for them. That brought that over and set it up and brought in a supply of magazines. So Joe made me a partner in his hometown newspaper venture in Rawhide.

In the meantime, Tex Rickard had come to Rawhide, and he’d operated the big Northern Saloon in Goldfield, which was the biggest gambling house in the state of Nevada at that time. So he moved, he came over to Rawhide and built a replica of his Goldfield saloon.

Well, Rawhide was a boom town if there ever was one. It was the last—I guess it’s the last there’ll ever be of those kind of boom towns because it was self-contained. It had to be self-contained. There was no transportation except old horse-drawn vehicles in there. And everything had to be self-contained. As Brewster Adams used to say, “The first things that arrived in these boom mining camps were the girls and the bartenders and the gamblers, the prospectors.” Prospectors, the girls, and a bartender.

I got to Rawhide on January the first, 1908, so I was one of the pioneers. And the year 1908 was Rawhide’s big year. There weren’t very many people when I got to Rawhide, but they estimated there were

25,000 people there before the end of that year. And they had an epidemic; they called it “black pneumonia.” And I think it was just plain old flu. It was killing ’em off like flies. No hospital, no doctors, no nurses, no nothing. One drugstore there that I recall. Cold and wet and no facilities whatsoever, just as primitive as anything could be for them.

One of these people who was there in Rawhide was Riley Grannan, who owned and operated Moss’s Corner. He was a gambler. He, at that time, had the reputation of being the biggest racetrack plunger in the country. And he operated this Moss’s Corner. This was a big saloon there in Rawhide, the biggest gambling place until Rickard opened up. He got this flu, or whatever it was, and he was sick about three days, and he died. And as I recall, the funeral services were held at an undertaking parlor there, operated by a fellow by the name of Tom Gallagher. And it was in the back end of a furniture store. I went to the funeral, and old man Knickerbocker, an old defrocked Methodist minister, delivered the sermon, delivered the eulogy for Riley Grannan. And it became a classic.

At the time I heard it, it didn’t impress me very much. I guess it must’ve been because there were a lot of pretty good newspapermen in Rawhide at that time, and they were publicity men for these stock sales—these fellows, these stockbrokers that were selling stock here, there, and everywhere, in nonexistent mines and—. Some one of these newspapermen must’ve been in there and heard Knickerbocker deliver this eulogy. So he probably went and bought a bottle of whiskey and they went down someplace and he had him repeat it because there was nobody there to take it down. There wasn’t a stenographer in that whole camp that I’ve ever heard of, or a court reporter, or anybody else that was taking that

down. So this newspaperman must have just got Knickerbocker—he was a big, ungainly Texan. I knew him well, knew he had two kids— Shakespearean actor, is what he used to—the way he'd—. He was a prospector and drunk and a Shakespearean actor, claimed to be. And he'd put on these Shakespearean acts in these saloons and pass the hat to feed his family. But he could sure make a speech. And tins sermon he delivered there for Riley Grannan, I guess, is a classic even to this day.

So after the funeral, they just put Riley in his coffin in the back end of a pickup truck of some kind (by that time, there was getting motor vehicles out in the desert), and took it on to Fallon and went on from there to wherever he lived in Kentucky. Wherever he was buried, I don't know. Knickerbocker went on from Rawhide, and afterward, he was reinstated in the church and died down in Texas.

In the meantime, Tex Rickard came into Rawhide along about 1909 and built the Northern Saloon, and it was a dandy. It was a great, big, long building. Rawhide had no water system at all, and he promoted a water system, but it never was finished.

The Rawhide boom lasted during all the summer of 1908 into the fall. And along in September, the big fire came and practically wiped out the business part of the town. This was on Main Street.

Another fellow and I—a kid named Ed Jump—I'll never forget that kid's name—Ed Jump and I, we were selling papers, and we were waiting for the stage to come in bringing newspapers in, the Reno papers and the San Francisco papers. The Davises and we were standing up on a dump on Grutt Hill there, throwing rocks at tin cans on the dump, and we looked down on Main Street. And in this lone drugstore on Main Street there in Rawhide, [we] saw this fire start. And there

was no wind blowing. But it just flames up and this—of course, there was nothing but canvas and pine boards, and this thing flared up and spread down the street.

And I watched it for a few seconds, and I decided that, "That thing is going to go on down the street. I'd better get out of here and go down and protect my newsstand." So I went, I rushed down there, and Kelly had already folded up the newsstand and got ready to roll. I went across the street to the Northern Saloon, and the fire was a good two blocks away at that time. And Rickard was standing out in front. They'd sent for him and he'd come down from his house. He lived in a house quite a long ways from the center of town, and they'd sent for him, and he was standing down there in front of the saloon, looking up, watching this fire.

So, a block up Rawhide Avenue (that was at right angles to Main Street in Rawhide), the Postal Telegraph office was situated. And as Rickard watched this—. On the back of the Northern Saloon was a tremendous big stone cellar cut right into a small hill there. It had an iron door, shutting it, and that's where he kept his supplies and things. And I was there, he looked at me, he said, he yelled out there, he said, "Ten dollars an hour for all you fellows that'll move all of this front bar and gambling equipment out of here and put it back in that cellar!" And they all—those guys hanging around doing nothing, they went to work and they moved that stuff out of there in no time. And they got it all back in that stone cellar.

In the meantime, Rickard looks up the street and saw the fire still raging, and he went over, right up the street to the Postal Telegraph office and sent this wire to the Verdi Lumber Company (I imagine in Reno; I don't know), ordering [them] to duplicate the order of lumber that he'd had previously for when he built the Northern Saloon, and to ship it



in immediately—duplicate everything, and they did. That shows what kind of a guy he was. Here he was, he ordered all this stuff at least three hours before the fire ever got to his building. And so, two days later, the lumber from Reno was there.

In the meantime, the fire had come on down the street. And on Rawhide Avenue, there were quite a few little shops and grocery stores and things of that kind. And, of course, everybody thought the place was doomed. There was nothing to fight fire with, so they blew up some of the buildings in between, trying to stop the fire. But that didn't stop it.

So Kelly and I took our news wagons and went on up the street, and as we went on up the street, every store along there just opened up their doors and told everybody up there to help themselves. They thought it was going to burn up anyhow. "Go on and help yourself." So, we had that news wagon loaded with hams and bacons and clothing and canned goods and everything you could think of. Time we got up three blocks up the street, we had this thing so full we couldn't hardly push it!

They sent out stories from Rawhide. Oh, there was some lurid stories went out about the devastation there and of suffering, and the people were destitute and broke. And they'd never had it so good. They sent in relief from San Francisco and Reno bringing clothing. And they set up a great big warehouse there in this stuff that came in from all over to take care of this stuff, this relief stuff that'd been sent in.

A fellow by the name of Frank Pine (yes, Ed Pine's dad), he was put in charge of it. And they stored this stuff in the big warehouse. All you had to do was go down in there and tell 'em what you wanted and what you needed, and they were tickled to death to give it to you, get rid of it. So I know I went down and

got some overalls and some shoes, and I didn't need 'em, but hell, nobody else did, as far as that goes. But we got 'em anyhow.

Speaking of my mother, after I had been in Rawhide just two weeks (I was broke there at the outset), I made enough money, saved enough money after paying for a bed and eating to send my mother twenty-five dollars. And she decided to come from Goldfield to Rawhide. She thought maybe she could open up a boardinghouse in Rawhide, which she did subsequently. And when she got there, why, we got a little primitive living [place]. !le built a floor for a tent, had somebody build just a floor for a tent, and then put a tent up around it and battened it up around the sides to keep the air, cold air, out on a little old lot up from town. And it had no facilities of any kind in the house. And you paid—at that time, you paid twenty-five cents for a five-gallon can of water that was delivered to you from down at what they called Brady's Wells or Dead Horse Wells.

And if you wanted a bath, you'd go down to the barber shop. I'd go to the barber shop and go in there, and if it's a bath, they'd say—there was a sign right up all around the bathtub. It says, "Don't fill the tub above the ring." And once in a while in the summertime, some other kid and I would go to Fallon to go swimming in the irrigation ditch.

So we lived in this one-room—this was just a little, one room cabin in Rawhide. And when my mother came there, why, before she let me move in, even into the cabin, she made me burn all my clothes, including my shoes—everything—because of the lice around there. You were just covered with lice. You couldn't help it. But she didn't want any of that around her place. So I didn't save one thing, not even my hat or cap or anything, shoes or stockings or underclothing or anything. It was all burned up. And she subsequently took over

the operation of a miners boardinghouse close by. So I got good food from then on.

I still continued to make money, sold papers. And there was a newspaper there called the *Rawhide Press-Times*, operated by a fellow by the name of [Harry] Hedrick. I'd had some experience in the newspaper, and so went up there and got a job working as an apprentice printer, printer's devil, and carried a route, and sold papers on the street. And it was lucrative, too, believe me. And I had acquired a bicycle along the line somewhere; I don't know how. But you couldn't use a bicycle in that country very well. It was uphill and downhill, and the roads were terrible. But I don't know where I got the bicycle, even.

Old Kelly and I, before the fire, we'd started a hamburger stand, too, along with our newsstand, selling hamburgers. And twenty-five cents for a hamburger and thirty cents for a hamburger with onions. And we made pretty good hamburgers. What we used to do, we had a deal with the butcher shop there. The old fellow brought in the best meat he could get ahold of, and he brought it into Rawhide. Of course, there was no place to keep it, no facilities, no ice, no nothing like that. So we'd buy a small amount of hamburger and get some stale bread from an old baker there, an old baker named Pete Simon, and buy loaves of stale bread from him and mix it up with a little water and then mix it into this hamburger, and you'd have twice as much hamburger as you started out with. And they cooked better, too. We had a little gas plate, and we sold lots of hamburgers.

Then, in order to keep busy, I moved across the street and set up a bootblack stand. It was all right when you'd get ahold of those young mining engineers that came out there with their high-top boots, and they were proud as heck of the fact that they were young mining engineers. And the streets were dusty

and muddy. It wasn't worth—wasn't doing much good to shine shoes, but you did it just the same. For those high-top boots, if there were four buckles, or three buckles, [it] cost a buck, a dollar. And I made a few dollars out of it.

Here's a little story I'd like to get in there for you. I was talking about the newsboys and the things they did. Well, while we were there, there was a girl; I'll call her "Ethel." I can't remember her name. But she was a tall girl, about seventeen years old, black curls hanging down her back—hanging way down her back. And she'd travel down the street so fast that those curls seemed to stand right out behind her.

And she developed a business there that was unique. The Rawhide post office, during the spring of 1908, was something to behold. It was just a little, one-room frame building operated by a postmaster by the name of I. Davis. And in one corner of the post office, he had a little, tiny stationery store where he sold stationery. And there was just one hundred boxes in there for mail in this room. And the mail came in there just piled high on those stages. Most of it was letters for brokers who were selling (some of these brokers were operating out of Rawhide) stock all over the world, and selling lots of it in mines that didn't even exist.

And this girl lived there with her father and her mother, and I think her father had been an ex-broker. He'd been an ex-pro prospector. Anyhow, she'd go down to the post office, she noticed this accumulation of mail there and everything, and so she made a deal with Mr. Davis that perhaps she could get a job kind of working in the post office. And he said all right, and so he gave her a kind of a run of the post office. So what she did, when the first class mail'd come in, why, she had access to it and she'd go through the first class mail



and picked out these letters for the brokers, and take them out and deliver them to the brokers all over town. And I suppose there were a hundred brokers in there. And she'd deliver the mail, and she made a deal where she'd get two bits at a first class mailed letter from these brokers. And so she was making twenty, twenty-five dollars a day, she told me once. And she just moved like a streak.

And they used to take all the second class mail—that is, not newspapers, but [they] got a lot of the ordinary junk mail and dumped it in a great big packing box right out in front of the post office. And you could go out there and help yourself. That was a quick way. That was the only way you could do it. They couldn't—there was no way in the world of them handling it.

So, if you wanted to get a letter from that post office, you had to go down there and get in line, oh, maybe two or three hours before the stage came in—at least two hours, because that line'd be—I've seen that line two full blocks long, going right behind one another. I know we used to go down—sometimes we'd get up early and go down. Waiting for the stage to come in, we'd go down and get in line and wait for the stage to come. And somebody'd come along and want to get in for the mail, and [we'd] sell them our place for a dollar, depending on how anxious they were to get mail.

And this girl, she was pretty. I often wondered what happened to her because she was not only pretty, but she was always happy, and she worked like a son of a gun.

I remember when Elinor Glynn came into town. It was not long after she'd written *Three Weeks*. She was on a nationwide tour, I think publicity more than anything. And she came into Rawhide with Raymond T. Baker, who was afterward director of the Mint. And he was her escort into Rawhide.

She was the first woman I ever saw in a saloon in Rawhide, outside of one of the girls from down the line after midnight, but I mean in the daytime. She came in there, and they had her riding on a burro, brought her up in front of the Northern Saloon, and Baker took her on into the Northern, and she sat up on the edge of a roulette table and tried to roll a cigarette and didn't know how. And Baker took her around there for one day, and then he took her back to—I guess, back to Schurz to catch a train to go on East. Whatever happened to her since, I don't know. She afterwards wrote—let's see, she'd written *Three Weeks*. Then, afterward—didn't she write *Black Oxen* afterwards? She was quite an affable character. Had all these guys surrounding 'em, and she was answering their questions. I can't remember too much about that, although I was standing there with my mouth open, watching, thinking, "Here's a woman sitting on a crap table, sitting on a roulette wheel in a saloon," which was something different.

Baker, as you know, was a very wealthy person. He was from the Ghirardelli outfit. He was afterward a candidate for United States Senator. Then he became director of the Mint. He was a great friend of Key Pittman. He was God's gift to the girls, Ray was—good-lookin' son of a gun.

Here's a little story that's incidental to a lot of this stuff. It kind of shows the temper of the times. A friend of Joe Kelly—there was a woman around there whose name was Kate, who had [at] one time been a madam in a big house someplace up in Alaska, and she drifted into Rawhide, and she was getting pretty old. So, Joe Kelly used to take her around. And finally, he and Kate got married. And she was no kid, and Joe wasn't, either.

And when Kate'd get drunk, she started walking backwards. One time, right in front

of where we had our newsstand there, Kate got drunk and she started walking backwards and fell down and hit her head on a rock, and [it] killed her, crushed her skull.

And things were pretty crude around there at that time. So, of course, they had to have a funeral for Kate. They put together an old box (this was getting along after the fire; lots of things had moved out). So they put together an old pine box there. Kate and Joe Kelly had had a couple of rooms upstairs over what had once been a drugstore on the corner, right near where our newsstand was. And so Joe dug out, as best he could, the clothes. And there were no women around there at all at that time. Kate was the only woman in camp. And so Joe dressed her as best he could, and they put Kate in this pine box and took it out to this old Rawhide cemetery. That's the most God-awful place you could ever hope to see. A self-respecting rattlesnake wouldn't live there. Oh, it was awful.

In the meantime, there was a young fellow was sent out there from Philadelphia by his parents, just a—. He was a kind of an effeminate character named Jim. Well, Jim was—he was effeminate. They sent him out there to see if they couldn't rough him up a little bit and get him to understand things better.

So out at the cemetery, they got this little old pickup truck and took Kate out to the cemetery, and somebody'd gone out there and dug a grave in those ol' rocks. And they brought her—this coffin—up there. Some fellow who owned a prayer book got up to say a few words, say a few prayers. And after they'd lowered her body into the grave, lowered the coffin into the grave, the fellows began to shovel, shoveled those old rocks down in on top of this wooden box. And this young fellow was standing there, and all of a sudden he began to cry. And he pulled a handkerchief

out of his sleeve and began to cry. And one of these miners was standing right over here next to him. And [to] the fellow [who] was cryin', he turned to him, he says, "Here, you give me that handkerchief." He handed him the shovel. Called him a name, and he says, "Here, you shovel and let *me* cry." Well, they got poor ol' Kate put away. I guess she's still up there. She and Joe got along pretty good there the last few years of their lives.

Well, then, I'll go on from there. Rawhide just died. After the fire, Rawhide just flattened out like a pancake. There was nothing there. There were no mines operating; there was nothing there at all. There never was an operating mine in Rawhide, as far as I know, that amounted to anything.

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## STUDENT DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

So my mother still wanted me to go to school. And I'd made about \$1,600 in that year, in the year 1908, and saved it. She saved it for me. So we wrote the University here, the prep school, and found out how to get in there. And finally, [I] took my little old trunk and loaded up a few things and came into Reno to go to school. And I sure was a lucky person. I met some of the finest people I ever hoped to meet.

I was thinking about when I first came to Reno. Well, I remember, I got on the train at Schurz—left Rawhide and got on the train at Schurz and came into Reno and got into Reno here in the afternoon.

I was dressed up the best I knew, the best clothes I had. That included just a nondescript shirt and a pair of clean overalls and canvas-lined coat—that's all I owned—and an old pair of broken-down shoes. Everything was clean; my mother saw to that, that I was clean. I was clean, but—. When I left home, I had a hundred dollars in currency—or gold—and a hundred-dollar post office money order. And my instructions

were, the minute I got off the train to go buy some clothes.

So there was a runner at the depot there, and he handed me a card for a hotel. And, of course, I knew nothing—I don't know what the population of Reno was then, but it was way under 10,000, I know that. But as far as I was concerned, it was a big city. It was new to me. It was a big city, as far as I was concerned, because I was all enthralled with coming into a big city. So this fellow, runner, gave me this card. It was for a little hotel down on East Second Street, down there back of where Parker's store is now.

So I took my little old suitcase that my mother'd packed around all over the country. What I had in it was some socks, socks that she'd knitted herself, handkerchiefs and some underwear, and my catalog from the University, telling what all, everything I had to do. So I went to this hotel and parked my suitcase and decided to go see if I couldn't find some clothes.

So I went up on Commercial Row, and there was a store up there, operated by a

fellow [by] the name of Phil Jacobs, called the White House Clothiers, right near the corner of Virginia and Commercial Row. I went in there to get some clothes and a cap and a shirt and some shoes. And I met old Phil in there, and he and I became good friends. We were friends for years 'til he sold out and, I guess, passed away.

And so I got a blue serge suit and a nice shirt and a fancy cap (didn't wear hats in those days)—this was kind of [a] fancy cap. He sold me a necktie, and I'd never worn a necktie in my life, I don't think. And I didn't know how to tie the thing, and he showed me how to tie a four-in-hand necktie. And I got out feeling pretty cocky.

But he didn't have any shoes that'd fit me, so he told me to go on over to Sunderland's, over on Virginia Street, a store where they sold Florsheim shoes. So I went over to Sunderland's and got a pair of Florsheim shoes, and I've worn Florsheim shoes ever since. That's what I've got on now, is Florsheim shoes. I've never had any other kind.

And I wandered around town and went in someplace and got something to eat—of course, I had some money. And I was very conservative with that money, believe me. I bought a package of tailor-made cigarettes, we called 'em, and I had a sack of Bull Durham, of course. And I got out all dressed up and rolled a Bull Durham cigarette and walked down Commercial Row, down Virginia Street. I felt pretty cocky.

And Reno was a pretty busy town then. I remember the names of the places on Commercial Row. There was the Wine House and the Louvre and the Oberon, and the Palace was on the corner where it is today. I went down to the old Grand Cafe and went in and had something to eat. And I guess I ate—I bet I ate a thousand meals at the Grand Cafe in the course of years.

And I was quite impressed with Reno, particularly the fact that it had streetcars. The streetcar used to run right up to the front of the Overland Hotel; come around and down Second Street to Center, and up, and stopped in front of the Overland Hotel. You could get on that streetcar at the Overland Hotel and go clear to the University.

Well, that was my first introduction to Reno. And it was very much of an eye opener to me because I'd come off the desert. Here was clean streets, cement sidewalks. There was no pavement; the streets were not paved. The streets were pretty muddy and dirty, but we had cement sidewalks in front of most of 'em. There were some wooden sidewalks in Reno then; there was wooden sidewalks there on Center Street. Between Second and First Streets, there was wooden sidewalks in there.

On the corner of Virginia and Second was a tremendously big store called the People's Store, owned and operated by a fellow named A. W. Plummer, who was one of Reno's very fine merchants and a very upstanding citizen. He was one of the organizers of the Reno YMCA.

I was walking down the street there by Sunderland's store, and I had a kind of a toothache. My teeth had been neglected terrible. And I had a toothache, and I looked up in the window, and I saw a sign, "Rulison brothers, dentists." So I thought I'd better go up there; I'd never been in a dentist's office in my life. I went up there, and it was Dr. Fred Rulison and Dr. Dave Rulison. They had this Rulison brothers' dental office. And they were among the old-timers here. I went in and he looked my tooth over and cleaned my teeth, which was something. I went to Fred Rulison; I was his patient for forty years, for long after I was married.

Well, the most impressive thing about it to me was the depot, the activity around the

depot. Gee, there was lots of activity there! And I remember—the Riverside Hotel, of course, was the big hotel in Reno then. And they had their own buses, used to come over to the depot. And there was a colored porter used to drive that bus, and he'd come over to the depot and he'd pick up passengers for the Riverside Hotel there. His name was McDonald, and he was an Englishman; he was born in London. I used to love to talk to the guy because he talked with a British accent. He was a nice fellow, and he was— Charlie. See, his name was Charlie McDonald. He was more or less of a fixture around the depot there. Everybody knew him.

And they had the little pushcarts there at the Golden Hotel, where Negro porters came over with a little pushcart and picked up baggage for guests at the Golden.

The trains, the arrival of a train and the departure of it was one of the big events of the day. The street—the platform in front of the depot was just *loaded* with people!

That streetcar system was something that sure impressed me. We'd had some streetcars back in Colorado that ran between Victor and Cripple Creek, but nothin' like this. Because this was quite a little network of streetcars around here. Streetcars started there at the Overland Hotel and went down to Second Street, and west on Second Street to Sierra, and up Sierra— west on Second Street—let's see, west on Second Street to Sierra, and up Sierra clear up to Ninth, and east on Ninth to the University gates. And another streetcar went out Second Street to Ralston and up north on Ralston Street, way up. Then there was a streetcar that ran from Second and Virginia Street to Moana Springs. All for ten cents, you could ride out to Moana Springs. I loved Reno from the time I landed here.

Well, after I got dressed up and everything, I decided I'd better go on up to the University

and see what I came in here for. So I got on the streetcar and went up there. I had this catalog of instruction that told everything I was supposed to bring. All the correspondence, in those days, it used to only be with the president. I know my mother wrote to Dr. Joseph Edward Stubbs, the president, and he wrote back a personal letter and told her everything I was supposed to do. So I went up there, and the first thing, I got to the campus, up to the old administration building there at Morrill Hall, why, I wanted to see the president; I didn't want to see anybody else. I wanted to see the president. The heck with the rest of 'em. And I told somebody what I wanted, and they sent me over to the registrar's office. Louise M. Sissa was the registrar. And she turned out to be one of my best friends. And I saw Dr. Stubbs, and he was a swell guy. He sure impressed me. He was the first person I'd ever met that was really kind of intellectual.

And Miss Sissa took my credentials. I'd had some high school—I had a high school report card that showed the grades I had from Victor High School and showed 'em to her, and she juggled 'em around the way she wanted to so that I could get into the prep school there at the University, and I—she registered—finally got myself registered as a sophomore, what was a three-year—it was a—let's see, in those days, it was a three-year prep school, I think, and I would be a second-year prep, and just went on from there.

I never was a graduate from prep school because they changed the whole thing before my term was up. They abolished the prep school entirely, and I went right on from there into the freshman class, which was a little easier in those days. So she arranged for me, and then she said, "Where're you going to live?"

And I said, "According to this catalog we had, you might get a—I can get a room at a place called Lincoln Hall."

And she said, "Yes, and," she said, "you go on right over there and see Prof. [Richard] Brown."

So I went over across the campus there to Lincoln Hall and saw Prof. Brown, and right away, he fixed me up. He says, "By God, your name Joe?"

And I said, "Yeh."

He says, "You going to high school?"

And I said, "Yes, going to prep school."

"Do you want a place to live?"

I said, "Yes, I do."

"You got any money to eat on, any money for board?"

And I said, "Yes, a little bit, but—."

He says, "Would you like to have a job?"

I said, "Sure, I would."

He says, "All right, I'll get you a job. Twenty cents an hour working on the campus here. You can make enough to pay your board and room." So I did, right away. I went to work right now.

And then, I had the good fortune then to meet Si Ross. See, the preps occupied the tower floor of Lincoln Hall at that time. And the upperclassmen, like Si Ross and Roy Hardy and the rest of 'em, occupied the top floor. And they kind of looked after the preps. And Si kind of took me under his wing. And Prof. Brown became my closest friend. And I got to know Dr. Stubbs very, very well. And Miss Sissa, I'll never forget her. And then a woman named Caroline Beckwith, who was the secretary to the president.

And later on, when I started to school, some of them who—A. H. Howe, his name was. He was a little bit of a short fellow. He was the principal of the high school. He taught math. He'd come to Reno from Dayton to take that job, as the principal of the prep school.

And that's where I first met—a little later on—Kate Riegelhuth. She was teaching there. Later on, she taught in the University.

Another fellow that taught in there was Dr. R. C. Thompson. He later was principal of that prep school.

That was a great experience because I met some wonderful people, including Jim Scrugham, and later on, Emmet D. Boyle, who became later governor. I got to know him.

And in addition to working on the campus, what jobs I could do—like ringing that bell in the morning. They had a great, big bell on the tower up there in Morrill Hall, and you're supposed to ring that bell every hour on the hour, starting at half past six in the morning, for twenty dollars a month. And that was one of the first jobs that Dick Brown gave me. Believe me, he was a stickler. That bell had to be rung at half past six, or he would have to know the reason why. And that was no fun, getting up at six-thirty in the morning on those cold, wintry days, to go over there and climb those stairs. You know, that building is three stories high, isn't it? Climb clear up there and get ahold of that ol' rope and pull that—ring that bell at six-thirty, wake up the dead over there in the cemetery, in the Catholic cemetery, wake up those kids—.

Your freshman English used to—didn't amount to too much, and the only thing I missed out on was, in the freshman class I got in there, and I skipped a course in drawing, in freehand drawing. It was taught by Katherine Lewers. That drug on; I never did fill in that credit there 'til I was ready to be graduated from the University.

And Miss Sissa called me in one day, and she says, "Joe, if you're going to graduate here, you've got to get that deficiency in that freehand drawing picked up, or you're not going to make it."

And I said, "Gee whiz, what'll I do?"

She says, "You'd better go over and see Kate Lewers and see what she can do about it."



So I went over to see Kate and explained it to her. And she said, "Why didn't you take it?"

And I said, "I didn't know I had to."

She says, "I know you're not much of an artist—you're not much of a—. So," she says, "I'll tell you what to do. Over in the mechanical building, there's a gas motor. Go draw that."

Well, I couldn't draw; I couldn't draw a straight line, hardly. And I said, "Gee, Kate, I'll do the best I can, but I don't think I'm goin' to make a very good showing."

And so Kate says, "Here." She took a drawing off the wall which was done by a fellow by the name of Dan Bruce, who was really an artist. And she said, "Take this along with you."

And I said, "Do you care if I punch holes in it with a pin?"

And she said, "No, I don't care what you do with it."

And I said, "All right." I said, "Do you care if I trace it?"

She said, "Go ahead. See what you can do."

So I got a piece of tissue paper and traced that. It was a beautiful drawing that he had done, and I traced it and turned out a pretty respectable exhibit. And so she gave me credit. She was my friend, anyhow. By that time, I was the janitor of her classroom in there. So I used to do a lot of favors for her, and so—.

Well, I remember when we had the first meeting of the freshman class. Of course, I'd been in prep school then and I wasn't quite as green as some of 'em were that showed up there. And we decided we'd have to get organized and—of course, I just talked too much, I guess, and they made me the president, as I recall. And we went on and organized for the cane rush.

Let's see. Some members of that class were "Monk" Ferris and Tom Walker, and I think Al Glass was a member of that class, class of 1915;

I know he was a member of the glee club. A fellow by the name of Waterfield Painter, and "Creepy" Krall, Ford Harvey.

Well, that's about the time I met Jimmy Curtin, who I'd known back in Victor, met him downtown and got him to come up to the University to prep school. And he talked Prof. Brown into hiring men waiters in the dining hall. And so Jim got a job in there, and then I got one as a waiter in the dining hall. Got board and room for it. We kind of revolutionized that dining hall. It was better than the girls because the fellows used to pick on the girls a lot, and they couldn't pick on the fellows very much. [They] had four Chinese cooks. And they were good cooks, and they had good food. For that much money, you couldn't've beat it any place.

I remember when our class decided to build that Block N up there on the hill. A fellow [by] the name of Harvey McPhail and Clark Webster were two engineers. They were members of our class, but they were taking [an] engineering course there from Prof. Boardman and decided that it would be a good idea to put an "N" up there on the side of Peavine. So they went up and surveyed it. Lord, we had a big day when we built that thing! We had all the girls out there bringing lunches, all the fellows packing water up that hill, and lime, then hunting around there [for] rocks to keep from getting bit by a snake. And they laid this thing out so that in there—. Must've had a hundred kids workin' up on that thing. And it took us two days, if I recall.

The first day was preliminary. The second day, we began pouring water on the rocks in there and pouring that lime on, the whitewash. Everything worked fine until along towards the end, when the kids began to—wanted to play and [were] throwing whitewash at each other. We had a big dance afterwards. We used to have good times in those days.

Well, I loved to play football—rugby, we played. I wasn't any great shakes at it. I could hold my own playing front rank in the scrum in the rugby team. That's where this fellow, Jimmy Curtin, shone. We had a good football team there for a while. Dandy! That's when—Si Ross coached that team one time when the coach we had kind of blew up. And then, Roy Hardy was a member of that team, and Si had played on it, and turned out some pretty good football teams there, rugby teams, during that period—from about 1913 through 1915. E. Reay Mackay, he was an Englishman. He knew his rugby. And there was another fellow [by] the name of "Doc" Kennedy [who] was an Englishman, too, and he was an old-time rugby player from England. E. Reay Mackay afterwards married the McKissick girl, married Howard McKissick's sister. They owned the McKissick—was the McKissick Hotel there, you know, where the Plaza is now. McKissick Opera House. Mackay was managing the hotel, he married Ruth, and they moved to Los Angeles, the last I ever heard of 'em.

John "Red" Delahide was the next captain the next year. "Red" Delahide. There used to be some great scrambles about that captaincy between the fraternities. The THPO fraternity and the—what was the name of the other one now? Let's see—Sigma Phi Sigma, or something like that—Sigma Alpha [Epsilon], they were rivals. There was just the two of 'em that amounted to anything in those days. Then the ATO's came along in years later on. I belonged to the SAE's. I was a charter member of the SAE; I belonged to the old THPO. I will tell more about that later.

Then, along in the course of time, I started going down to the *Journal* office, just because it was a newspaper. I started going down there and working as a relief reporter for reporters who'd go out and want to take

a day off or go get plastered, or something. Well, the reporters used to drink in those days. [Laughing] I guess they still do. And I could work down there and make five bucks being a reporter, and I was a pretty good reporter. I got to be a pretty good reporter, and I learned a lot.

And it was while working down there on that newspaper [I met] Graham Sanford, who had been a reporter on the paper, and he'd started the Reno Printing Company when I met him. Si Ross thought the prep school should have an annual, and because I'd worked around a newspaper office, he thought I was competent to get out an annual. And if there's anything I was ever ashamed of, that was it! But I did it. It was awful. Oh, it was terrible! [When] I think back on it, I think, "Oh, God, what an awful mess that was!" Because I didn't know what I was doing. I had no conception of what it was all about.

But I happened to meet Graham Sanford when he was printing some of this for me. And then I got out of high school—I mean, got out of the University, was graduated in 1915 as mechanical engineer. In the meantime, I'd had a good course in English from Kate Riegelhuth, and a good course in history from Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, and a fairly good course in math from Prof. Charlie Haseman.

There was an ambition I never could reach. Charlie Haseman organized a glee club up there. He was a great person. He organized a glee club and the fellows all joined the glee club. I wanted to join the glee club, and I couldn't sing; I couldn't sing at all. I couldn't carry a note of any kind, nothing. So I had to forego that ambition.

But in the meantime, I got this yearbook for the prep school and met Graham Sanford down there. I also met a fellow [by] the name of Lloyd Patrick, "Pat 13," who was the manager of the University *Sagebrush*. And



I'd sold a lot of advertising for this yearbook, and Pat thought that was wonderful because that's what he was doing on the *Sagebrush*. So he asked me if I wouldn't like to be assistant manager of the *Sagebrush*. And I said I would. And he had the authority then to make the appointment. They used to elect the editor and the publisher of the *Sagebrush*, the student body did. They didn't have any publications board of any kind. And whatever the editor and the publisher made of the *Sagebrush*, that was their money. But they were responsible for all bills. So Pat gave me this job as assistant manager of the *Sagebrush*. I went on to become the manager of it.

And a couple of years later, I was the manager of it, and I made a contract with the *Nevada State Journal* to print the *Sagebrush* down there, so I got to know Mr. and Mrs. George Kilborn very, very well. And so that was the start—that's how I got into the newspaper business here. It was through Lloyd Patrick, who just died here a year ago. And Si Ross was the one that inveigled me into starting out, getting out that yearbook because that's how Pat happened to meet me, just—those are just coincidences that fit into different things.

Well, the *Sagebrush*, when I was the manager of the thing, it was a two-man operation, was all. Bobby Farrar was the editor (Bob died here two or three years ago). And when I was the manager, I had Jack Pierson as my assistant. Then Jack subsequently succeeded me. I worked a deal out with the student body so that the assistant manager became the manager automatically in order to keep some continuity in the thing. And it worked all right for a while. Then they changed it to a publications board—I don't know why, what happened.

And we covered everything as best we could. We stayed clear of some of these

questions these kids bring up today. We stayed clear of all that kind of stuff. We tried to write campus news. That's what we devoted our time to—news, not opinion, not trying to reshape the scheme of things. It was just a matter of telling what was going on and who's doin' it and how it's done. And later on, it seems to me that the kids were drifting into the idea that they wanted to expound their views on every kind of a subject [which] some of 'em didn't know anything about, which is perfectly all right. And probably, you can get the idea from what I'm saying here that I don't go along with this modern trend of stuff.

Well, after I was graduated in 1915, why, Jack Pierson became the business manager, and I've forgotten who became the editor then.

I got into trouble once accepting political advertising. It was in the campaign between—. Dr. H. E. Reid was the chairman of the Board of Regents of the University. And he was also the chairman of the Republican state central committee. And the 1912 campaign, there was a campaign between Key Pittman and Senator W. A. Massey. It was a bitter campaign. And one of the things it hinged on was a vote.

Massey had been appointed United States Senator by Governor Oddie. Governor Oddie had offered the place to George Wingfield, but Wingfield wouldn't take it. So he appointed Massey, who was a very eminent lawyer here in Reno and the next judge. And so Massey went back, and it was something to do with the Commerce court; I don't remember what it was. But Massey voted one way or the other on the thing, and that became a political issue, the Commerce court vote. And Pittman played on that. And I remember the *Sagebrush* ran a two-full-column ad on extracting Massey's Commerce court vote, paid for by the Democratic state central committee.

Ol' Dr. Reid called me in, and he just gave me the dickens for using the University newspaper to expound a partisan issue. But nothing ever came of it, fortunately for me.

But we never made any compunction about soliciting political advertisements for anybody that wanted. The only trouble was, we used to have a hard time getting the money for these political advertisements. Got so that you wouldn't take one unless you got your—you'd go and ask a guy for an ad for the thing and then demand the cash right along with it, see, or you were just out of luck.

In that Pittman campaign [of 1912], it was a hard-fought campaign. He was from Tonopah, a lawyer, and quite a fluent speaker. He was an eminent lawyer and quite a speaker. So I organized a Students for Pittman club up at the University. And the payoff on the thing was that if Pittman won, he was to take all the membership of the club to dinner at the old Thomas Cafe down on Center Street. That was Reno's finest cafe in those days. And so Pittman won, so he took us to dinner, all right. Had a big crowd there. Of all those fellows, I doubt if half of them voted for Pittman at all. If they even could vote, they wouldn't—. They could eat, though. They could eat his food.

I was always a Democrat. I'd grown up as a Democrat. My mother was a Democrat. So I stayed right along with it.

So I came along—Patrick was graduated in 1913, so I was the assistant, so I became a candidate for business manager of the *Sagebrush* for the student body and was elected. And a fellow by the name of Bourke Heally was elected editor, and he was a very fine fellow. We got along fine. So I went to work on the *Sagebrush*, and I worked hard on that thing, went to school and worked hard.

It became a paying proposition while I was there? You bet it did. You bet your life it did. I made money. We made money. We had

to. But it took a lot of time, though. I know I was taking a course in economics up there for a while from a teacher named Romanzo Adams. And he was very—not severe—very sincere sort of a fellow, a wonderful teacher. And I took this course as a fill-in. I thought it would be a course that would fill in that wouldn't be very hard. But he was meticulous in the work he wanted done. So I kind of goofed a little bit. And came along toward the end of the first semester and he called me in, he said, "Joe," he says, "you can do better work than this."

And I says, "I know. I should, Prof, but—"

He said, "What else do you do?"

And I said, "Oh, I wait on tables and I run the *Sagebrush* and I play football."

And he said, he says, "You know," he says, "I think you have too many outside activities." He says, "I remember when I was a freshman in college," he says, "I got a job as a reporter on the college newspaper. And," he says, "you know, my grades dropped from—from A+ to B+. So," he says, "I just quit that job."

But I didn't quit the job, and I got through the course. I never was a good student. Pretty bad in lots of spots, not nearly what I was capable of doing if I had just done it. As I look back on it now, I don't think I got as much out of it as I should have. But I got a lot out of—met lots of good people, made lots of fine friends.

Of course, the THPO fraternity was the old-timer up there then. It was a local fraternity, and it was a kind of an honor to be asked to join that. And I was finally asked to join it, and I was very happy to be invited. I can remember when I was initiated. They weren't really rough, but they weren't very gentle about it, either. It was cold that night; I remember it so well, the first degree. They had an old coffin that they hid down in the shed there for the University. They went and

got that coffin and they put you in that coffin and put it in an old buckboard and took you way up to the reservoir, and dumped you in the reservoir, dunked your head in. But part of the time, you had to—I had to go out and—the cross in the Catholic cemetery there, across from Lincoln Hall? I had to go up and climb up on that cross and stay there, oh, 'til midnight. So cold—. But there was nobody that was ever hurt; it wasn't really a rough initiation.

And Prof. N. E. Wilson, who was the druggist here, he was the advisor for the old THPO fraternity. And he used to conduct the initiation. And they had a beautiful initiation ceremony, and he conducted.

Then all of a sudden, we decided that we should have a house of some kind. We'd been scattered all over town and living in Lincoln Hall. So there was a place down on Center Street, near Center Street there, called the Jackson Flats. It was built by a teacher, professor, Professor Jackson, who was the head of the Mackay School of Mines at one time. He'd built these two flats down there on the corner of Eighth and Center Street. At some time along the line, the THPO fraternity had acquired a lot over on North Virginia Street, right opposite Manzanita Hall there. We finally sold that to Si Ross, who wanted to build a house. And he subsequently did build a house, and he lived there for many years after he and Emily were married. And with the money that we got for that, [we] made the initial payment on the Jackson Flats, and we tried to improve the place and make a fraternity house out of it. It couldn't be done. It wasn't susceptible to changing anything, to rehabilitating the place. But it was a barn! Oh, God, it used to be cold in that place! You'd go in the bathroom in the morning and you'd skate on ice.

This was an interesting experience. Bob Allen, afterward state highway engineer and

a very wonderful man, they named him the house manager. Of course, he didn't know anything about managing a boardinghouse (that's what it turned out to be, a kind of a glorified boardinghouse. But the glory was hard to determine). So he found a housekeeper, a woman named— what was her name? Welch. [She] lived in Sparks—and [he] hired her to manage that house. She didn't know anything about managing a boardinghouse. She'd never had any experience. She brought us in—we lived on the fat of the land. That woman was a pretty good cook, but she sure needed the stuff to cook with. We used to have cream cakes, and we'd have steak, roast beef, steaks, and all the cold cuts in the world on Sundays. She'd spread out a big table there, and every kid [that] lived down there'd bring down a friend to eat lunch with 'em.

So at the end of the first semester, I remember, the house was \$700 in debt. And poor ol' Bob Allen, he didn't know what to do. So he fired Mrs. Mary Welch, her name was, and hired a woman from Virginia City. Bob had been from Virginia City originally, and he hired a woman named Mrs. [Ellen] Sharon, who was an old boardinghouse keeper from Virginia City.

And she came down, and she took over, believe me. Talk about a godsend, to find her! She took over. She saw what the situation was, that we were this much in debt and having a [hard time]. And the only income we had was from these kids. And if some of 'em didn't pay their board, why, the house manager was out of luck. And so she just took over, and she just cut the cost accordingly and cut the menus down. So help me, we ate wienerwurst for—the wienerwurst that we have here today reminds me of [it]. We ate wienerwurst for lunch, dinner, and breakfast, I think, for a whole semester. But at the end

of that semester, we were out of debt. And she would just mother those kids around there—.

In the course of time, why, we got the house fairly well paid for. And then about that time, the war came along and depopulated the place. Then they decided, later on after the war, to buy what was called the Evans house over there on the corner of Evans and Ninth. It was the old Evans ranch home. [It had] been one of Reno's most beautiful houses at one time. Bess Evans [Robinson] had given all of that property of the University up there—the original campus, they'd given it to the state for the University. And Mrs. Evans's orchard was in there, apple orchard. Oh, how we used to love—. Then I was goin' to school, [we] loved to go down and steal apples out of the orchard. They'd've given us all the apples in the world if we'd asked for 'em, but we didn't want to ask for 'em. We wanted to swipe 'em. It was more fun.

So then, they bought that house and revamped it and fixed it up, and got a pretty respectable fraternity house out of it. And it got into hard times, too. But I wound up—this is way later on, after I was graduated from the University. They had borrowed money from the national [chapter] to pay for this thing. But they were supposed to pay off so much a month on the thing, and they got behind in that. One of the national officers came in here one day, and he came down to my office there at the newspaper. He says, "Look, we've got to do something [with] that chapter up here," he says, "or the national'll have to foreclose the mortgage on that house you have up there it something isn't done." [This was after it became SAE.]

I said, "What can we do?"

And he says, "I don't know. But," he says, "I'm just appointing you to do it." So I got stuck.

I got Marvin Humphrey and Buster Sewell and Charlie Mapes and one or two others,

and we finally got the thing in [hand], rebuilt that house and built a new house up there in the meantime, finally got it [in shape]. I don't know whether it's paid for yet or not. It was in pretty good shape when I left, when I got sick. But Humphrey took over. I think I got it in good shape. It was a great experience. You learned a lot. It was fun, though.

Of course, I was finally graduated from the University. That was in 1915. In the meantime, in 1910, I had an operation, a very serious operation. I pretty near died. Had a bowel obstruction. The doctor that I used to know back in Colorado when I was a kid was here, [by] the name of Dr. Raymond Sinclair, he operated on me. This was in the days when they had no antibiotics of any kind. The only thing they used for— was normal salt solutions to clean you out and ward off infection. So he, thank the good Lord, took pretty good care of me. So I spent from—I went in there in January. I got sick. I was in the University hospital. They had a little hospital at the University where the library is now. [They] finally took me down there, and Si Ross carried me in. When I got out of that hospital, I got out of there feeling pretty good, but I never did get over that completely. (Always have had adhesions, and that's why I'm laid up right now.)

Well, in the meantime, I'd met this old friend from Colorado named Jimmy Curtin downtown and invited him to come up to the University to go to school. So he come up, and he was my roommate in Lincoln Hall. And after I got out of that operation there—I was in the hospital from January 'til August. That was the year 1910. That was when the Jeffrie-Johnson fight was here. So Jim came up there, and he roomed with me. And when I got out of the hospital, I had an opening right here [gesture] in my stomach. And I used to have to keep a bandage on it myself. I'd put a

new bandage on it every day. And Jim used to come, and he'd stick his head way down there to look at that thing, and he finally says, "Keerist! Your guts are stickin' out!" [laughing] That's why he started calling me Joe "Guts." And it stuck. He still calls me that. (They used to call him "Billy Goat" because he'd go out on these geology trips, and he climbed like a goat up in the mountains, and the kids all called him "Billy Goat" because they couldn't keep up with him. That name still stuck with him.) That's the way that Joe "Guts" originated. And he remembers that yet, Jim does.

Another good man up at the University there at one time— John A. Fulton of the Mackay School of Mines. And another one, Dr. Jay A. Carpenter. Dr. Carpenter was my closest friend. So whatever I say about him, believe me, it'd be laudatory, I can tell you that, because he was my friend.

Jay was a very meticulous person, and the first time I knew him—. The Mackay School of Mines at that time used to— they had a state mining bureau, and they could ship ore from all over the state into there to have it assayed for free. And they used to come from other places. Jay was the supervisor of that, and they gave me a job buckin' samples. I used to buck the samples for twenty cents an hour and separate them so the assayers could assay them. And it was in that way I got to know Jay pretty well. After he left the Mackay School of Mines, he became the superintendent of the West End mill in Tonopah, which was an old mill that was being rebuilt to process West End Mining Company ores.

And so, my mother was in Tonopah and I went to Tonopah. I got a job from Jay over there when they were rebuilding that mill, mixing concrete in the sun, by hand. We built quite a mill there, took a couple of years to do it. It was all hand work. And from then on,

I always had a job in the summertime, even during Christmas vacation, if I wanted to work down there. Why, all I'd have to do in the summertime was leave school just as early as I could get out of there and go to Tonopah, and I'd take my overalls right with me. The depot was right close to the West End mill, so when the train'd come in, I'd have my overalls with me, and I'd just get out and walk across to where the mill was and put on my overalls and go to work and get in a shift that very day. We got tremendous wages. we got fifty cents an hour. Four dollars a day, no overtime. But it was a job. My mother and another woman had a boardinghouse. That's where I ate. And so Jay became my great friend. I could always count on a job. Whenever I had time off from school, I could always go to work for him. Even when he was going to get married, I went over and helped him dig the basement for his house that he was going to build. He was a good administrator of that school up there for years. He was succeeded by Dr. Scheid, I think.

I think one of the most satisfactory things that we had around here was Dr. Church. He did more for this community than anybody will ever remember. You can credit him to this day with the fact that we got the ski business around here. He surveyed the snow, found out about it, and ascertained how much water was to be available in these valleys in the summer. He did as much for this community as any man who ever lived here, I believe.





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## A CAREER WITH THE RENO NEWSPAPERS

So when I was graduated from the University—Jim Scrugham used to call all the boys, all these graduates. He had a job for every one of them. So he asked me if I had a job when I was graduating. I told him, no, I didn't yet.

"Well," he said, "Now, here, I got a job for you, running a power plant out here at Masonic."

I'd lived on a desert all my life, and besides, Leola and I wanted to get married, and I said, "No, I'm not going to take a job out in the sticks in that desert. I've been there all my life, and so I'm going to get away from that desert if I can."

So I went down to the *Journal* office and asked Mrs. Kilborn if she'd give me a job as a reporter on the paper. So she said yes, and I got a reporter's job at twenty dollars a week. I went to work on the paper right away. I met some pretty fine people down there—a fellow by the name of Kenneth Booth, whose father, ol' Bill Booth, operated the *Tonopah Bonanza* in Tonopah; and a fellow [by] the name of Clayton Campbell, who was a topnotch editor;

and Homer Mooney, who was a top-notch editorial writer and ex-attorney, and a fine person. So I got some real good training right off the bat. I was fortunate in that respect.

George D. Kilborn was a mining man from the Cripple Creek district in Colorado. And he made some money there; he was an assayer, a mine assayer. He made some money there in the Isabel mine. This Mrs. Kilborn was a schoolteacher and a very brilliant woman. George Kilborn was a great friend of Tom Patterson. And Tom Patterson was then the publisher of the *Rocky Mountain News* and eminent in the newspaper field. Kilborn wanted to get in the newspaper business, and Kilborn wanted to get elected to the United States Senate, is what he wanted. So he talked to Patterson, and Patterson advised him, "Go out to Nevada," he said. "It's beginning to come to life out there. And get a newspaper, and then watch your step and maybe you can get elected."

So Kilborn came out here, and the *Journal* was on the market. So he bought the *Journal*. Very smart fellow, but very cold. And he hadn't

been around here very long in the newspaper business before he got into battles with all the Democratic bigwigs and everything, and they just lowered the boom on him fast.

So finally he was getting along pretty well in years, and she was the one that ran the newspaper, Kate Kilborn. And finally, after Emmet Boyle was governor, why, he was the one that Kilborn sold the paper to and got out of the country. And Kilborn just moved to Auburn and died in Auburn. He and his wife moved down to Auburn and they died down there many years later.

That was along about 1910. Reno was growing then. I think the census of 1910 was the first time that Reno's population ever reached over 10,000.

I was very fortunate in making those contacts with the *Journal* and the *Gazette*, both of them, because they gave me a real insight into the newspaper business there. They were small newspapers, but you operated more on a personal basis. And particularly, it was true of the *Gazette* when I got there. It was human. And I know the idea then was to keep the thing way down, keep it on a really personal basis, get the human side of the news in, more than anything else.

I had some awfully good bosses to start out with. On the *Journal* to start with was Homer Mooney, who was a lawyer, who was admitted to the Bar but who preferred newspaper work, and he was a wonderful editorial writer and a very fine English student.

Well, the first story I ever (had that) amounted to anything—. When I was working as a reporter on the *Journal*, when I first went to work there, I was the police reporter for the *Journal*. I went over to the police station one night. There was old Captain Charles Trembley, who was a police captain, he says, "Come on with me, Joe. There's a story up here. There's a shooting." And so I went with him up

to what was then called the St. Alban's Hotel. It's down on the corner of Fourth and Virginia Street. I don't know what the name of the hotel is now; it used to be called the St. Alban's.

I went up there and went up with ol' "Cap" up to this room. And here I was a green reporter. I went in there, and here was an old one-legged man sitting over in one corner, shot through the heart. And a gal with a chemise on over against one side of the wall, and she was shot right through the heart. Both of 'em dead. Of course, that was a great shock to me. That was the first time I ever seen anything just like that, although I had been around and seen a lot of rough stuff in the mining camps, but—.

So I went back down and wrote the story. And this old man who was shot had been a rancher from out in Sierra Valley someplace. And he'd come in here to Reno and got playing around with some gal. He either killed her, or she killed him, or something. Anyhow, they were both dead. And we never used their names in the thing.

[I] got to the *Journal* office, and I remember, I sat down and wrote the story. And I had a name, and Kenneth Booth, who was the city editor of the *Journal* at the time, he says, "Forget the name." He says, "These people live out in there." He says, "We don't want to embarrass them. And," he says, "nobody down here knows who he is anyhow. That's the difference?"

So we didn't use a name in the thing at all. Of course, you'd be appalled today not to do that. You'd have it all over, and you'd have the—today, you'd be writing, using his name; you'd use his whole family, all his family connections, and everything. But they never used—never knew—never identified the person one bit.

And I kept writing and writing and writing that story, and writing it, and finally,



Booth said to me, he says, “Hey,” he says, “you’d better find a period there someplace.” He says, “Remember, the world was created in forty words,” or something like that.

Well, that was my first big story, and I covered many a story afterwards—Anne Martin and her woman suffrage campaigns, and all the political campaigns. I finally became the political editor of the *Gazette* and was for years, and got to be pretty well versed in politics.

And through that, I got to know Emmet D. Boyle. I remember when Emmet first ran for governor. I was working on the *Sagebrush* then. We were down in the basement of the old *Journal*—Jack Pierson and I were down in the basement of the *Journal*, the old *Journal*, where we got the paper out that day, and we were mailing it. And Emmet Boyle and his friend, Jack O’Sullivan, came down, and they came down in the basement just to talk. And the next day, Emmet was starting out on his campaign for the Democratic nomination for governor [1914].

And Jack O’Sullivan says, “Now you got to go to that meeting. You got to make a speech.”

Emmet, who was a mining engineer, he said he’d never made a speech in his life, and he says, “I don’t know how to make a speech.”

And O’Sullivan says, “You got to!”

And he says, “Well, you come with me.”

And O’Sullivan says, “I won’t do it.” He says, “If I go,” he says, “with you, they’ll want me to sing.” That was—Jack O’Sullivan, no matter where he went, he always sang an Irish song. So he wouldn’t go with him.

So Emmet went out and he made his initial political speech the next night, out at Fallon, I think. He was running against a fellow named Lem Allen for the Democratic nomination for governor. Lem was from Fallon. So Emmet went out and made his speech out there, and he was *scared to death*! And that

fellow became—he was elected governor subsequently. And he became probably one of the finest speakers that Nevada ever had, most articulate, factual. Then he made a speech, you knew everything—whatever he said, it had some meat in it. It was forceful because his stuff was logic. Everything was logic. He was no orator; he wasn’t anything like McCarran, an orator, but his speech was logic, right from the word go. He just—“bang, bang, bang!” He was just as good as [Key] Pittman ever was. That was Pittman’s long suit, that he’d get up and make a speech, and every word counted. Every word meant something. And they were just put together beautifully. Nothing like McCarran—McCarran’s was done with frills and beauty. But Boyle’s was just plain old common sense.

And he was responsible for a lot of things in Nevada—for instance, our budget, Nevada budget. He was the one that insisted on that. Up until that time, every head of every department just put in whatever he wanted to get and see if he could get it. Boyle just insisted against the wishes of the legislature to put in a budget system. And that started that, and right to this day it still continued. It’s been revamped since then a lot, but nevertheless, he was responsible for it.

Then he ran for governor, and he didn’t have a nickel. He borrowed some money from his uncle to make a campaign and served his term, and he came out of there broke. And then, while he was there, he decided he’d like to get in the newspaper business. So that’s when I got to be associated with him in the newspaper business. He bought the *Journal* from Mrs. Kilborn and made me the manager. And Homer Mooney was the editor.

He was up against some pretty bad situations, not as bad—difficult a situation in Carson City because these old-timers up there who had been up there, these Democrats

were, when Boyle went in there, these fellows, like George Brodigan who was secretary of state, and George Cole was state controller, and they were the Democratic party, at least they thought they were, and they were going to control the thing. So Boyle went up there, and he had some ideas of his own, and these fellows would just—they just tried to twist him every way they could.

The Republicans had some powerful men in the legislature that year. That would be in the campaign of—let's see, what year was that? About 1918. They had such fellows in the legislature as Noble Getchell and Johnny Miller, and they were pretty smart operators, those guys, the Republicans, and they tried to twist Boyle, and he just let 'em go ahead. I know he used to do things like this: he wanted to get something—he wanted to get some bill through. For instance, he wanted to get a bill through there to set up a budget law. These fellows up there didn't want any budget law; they wanted to be free to spend their money as they saw fit. And they didn't want any budget law, a lot of these officeholders.

So Boyle, I know he did this. He got so he got pretty smart. He got ahold of some Republican member of that assembly or senate, and he said to him, "Now, lookit, Jim." He says, "They're trying to introduce a bill up here for a budget law, and I don't want it—I hope you'll kill it."

This fellow said, "Sure, I will, Governor."

And he passed the word around, he says, "The governor, he don't want any law like that introduced."

So Boyle got it in there, and when some of these Republicans found out he wanted it killed, then they passed it, quick like. That really happened. I know that because I got to know Boyle very, very well.

I know I was president of the senior class when we had our senior ball, Of course, we

invited the governor to bring his wife. So, Leola was my girl then, and she led the grand march with the governor—quite a proud moment. And I danced with Mrs. Boyle. Those were the good old days!

We struggled along and tried to make the *Journal* pay off, and it was pretty tough—pretty tough competition with the *Gazette*, and we had no operating capital or nothing. And Boyle knew nothing about the newspaper business.

So in order to make ends meet for himself, why, he took a job as the manager of the copper mines down at Yerington— what's the name of that? Bluestone. It was the Bluestone. And he took a job as general manager of that, and he just worked himself to death. And he went up to Mt. Shasta on a mining inspection trip and got a heart attack up there and came back here and died in Reno. And he wasn't very old when he died. He wasn't fifty years old.

And there, we left the *Journal*. Mrs. Boyle inherited the *Journal* with a lot of debts. So we struggled along trying to get that on its feet. Finally, Jim Scrugham, who had been Boyle's protégé and who had been the dean of engineering at the University and had been state engineer under Boyle—. Boyle had talked him into running for governor, and backed him, and Scrugham was elected governor.

And while Scrugham was governor, *he* got an idea that *he* wanted to be a newspaper publisher. So after Emmet died, why, he made a deal with Mrs. Boyle and bought the *Journal* from her. But Jim didn't have any money either. I still stayed there running the thing—pretty rough pickin'.

And after two or three years, I never could get Jim pinned down so he'd—. And after two years or more, why—. In the meantime, I always kept good friends with Graham

Sanford. So I worked for Jim Scrugham there for quite a while, and I couldn't see where I was going to get anyplace. So I finally went over across the street to Sanford and said, "Hey! What's the chance of gettin' a job over here?"

And he says, "I think so." He says, "I need somebody for a city editor. Do you want to take the job?"

And I says, "Yes, I'll take it."

And he said, "I don't know how much pay you're going to get—how much pay you're getting over there, but—"

I says, "I don't care what kind of pay you give me. I'd like to get someplace where they know what they're doing, 'cause Jim don't."

Of course, Jim and I parted good friends, and we always were, ever afterwards, up 'til the time he died. Because he was my friend. So I went back to work on the *Gazette* then. That's when I got my indoctrination under David Williamson. I became the city editor of the *Gazette*, and that was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me.

Graham [Sanford] came to Nevada from Washington, Indiana, where he was in the printing business, and he came out here because of the Goldfield boom. Of course, Nevada was in the news all over the world at that time, Goldfield. And so Graham came out here wondering what it was all about, just came out here and got as far as Reno and got a job as a reporter on the *Journal*. He was a printer, too. And he stayed at the *Journal* for a little while, and then he went to work for Oscar Morgan on the *Reno Evening Gazette*.

And in the meantime, why, Sanford began looking around and established the Reno Printing Company, a job printing plant. And it was a top-notch printing plant and one of the best that was around here. That was his method of operation. It had to be good, or he wouldn't have anything to do with it. And he operated that for several years.

And finally—the *Gazette* had belonged to—well, what had happened, the Reno National Bank, of which Wingfield and Nixon were the heads of the thing, they had a mortgage or something on the *Gazette* and they took it over. After Nixon's death, in settling up the affairs, why, Wingfield took certain assets, and he gave the *Gazette* to Mrs. Nixon. And she operated it under various managements there for a few years. She knew nothing about it, of course. And Sanford had been running the Reno Printing Company, and he realized what it was, so he set about to see if he couldn't buy it. And he got Sam Platt and his brother, George Sanford from Carson City, who was a lawyer. They went in with him and they bought the *Gazette* from Mrs. Nixon. And so Sanford became the editor and the publisher of the *Gazette*, Graham Sanford.

Of course, Sam Platt wasn't interested in the newspaper business, but he was in politics and he was wanting to run for United States Senator, and this, that, and the other thing.

But Graham Sanford was a newspaperman from the start. And that was his main thing, was to build this newspaper. And he started right in from scratch, and he didn't have very much money to work with. But he happened to be fortunate. And he got an editor [by] the name of David Williamson—David E. W. Williamson, who got his training in San Francisco and who was a top-notch editorial writer and a linguist and the one that taught me a whole lot. I know Graham Sanford taught me an awful lot, just working with him.

So I was working on the *Journal*. I had worked with [Sanford] a little bit at the job printing plant and got some stuff printed there, so I got to know him. At the University, once a year when the high school track teams came in here from Goldfield—they came from all the high schools all over—Susanville—and we used to get out a track program for the

thing. That was just a little money-making scheme of our own. We'd get out this program and get advertising from the merchants—I mean, *I* was doing that. At first, this fellow, Lloyd Patrick, was working with me, and then I started doing it alone. And I could make a few hundred dollars off of that program. And so I used to get the program printed by the Reno Print, by Sanford. So that's the way I got to know him. And, of course, that track meet in those days was the big athletic event of the year. It was bigger than basketball, than basketball is now. They had big crowds up there at Mackay Field, old Mackay Field, and there was lots of interest in it.

So, when Sanford bought the *Gazette*, I was working on the *Journal*, and I liked him very much. So I went over and saw him right away and asked him if I could get a job from him. He said he needed a reporter, could I go to work as a reporter?

I said, "Yes," and that was after I had been graduated from the University. Twenty dollars a week. I thought I was very fortunate. He took the *Gazette* over on something like the first of November, 1915.

Then when I went over to the *Gazette*, in addition to Graham Sanford, who was a top-notch newspaperman, top-notch newspaper reporter and understood news and all phases of it, he had an editor there [by] the name of David E. W. Williamson, who was a wonderful student, wonderful scholar, self-trained, an old newspaperman from down in San Francisco. And David, he could quote Shakespeare, he could quote the Bible, most anything. And it was all self-taught. He was a wonderful editor, and a good man to work under because I learned a lot from him.

In the meantime, I'd had a really fine English training at the University under Miss Riegelhuth and a teacher named Gustavus S[wift] Paine, the man who wrote *Eilley*

*Orrum*. There was a good English student. And he used to teach us composition. I learned a lot from him. I never was really a top-notch writer, never got to the point where I felt that I really knew what I was doing half the time. But I did know how to write a news story and make it interesting. Sometimes I look at these papers today and I wonder what they teach these kids at the University!

And down through the years, I was associated with some really fine newspaper people. There was a fellow [by] the name of Louis Spellier, who was afterwards Internal Revenue Collector. He was a reporter on the *Gazette*, who was a good one.

Graham Sanford, in my opinion—if it's all right to say this now—[was] the finest newspaperman who was ever in Reno. He not only had a great ability, but his integrity was unquestioned. He was very obstinate in his views on certain things, but nobody ever questioned his honesty or his integrity. And his whole desire in this whole community was to make the community a better place in which to live and at the same time produce a good newspaper. I'll never forget many of the things that he taught me in those days, or that he insisted on.

There was one thing—this is incidental—in the *Gazette* at one time you could never use the word "rape." If you had to use something like that, you'd say "assault," or something like that—"criminal assault," but never the word "rape." He just wouldn't let you use that word. He just had an aversion to it and you couldn't use it. Of course, in this day and age, any paper you pick up is half—half the words in it are that. And that, you pay no attention to it now.

I know Dave Williamson, you could never write a story to the effect that somebody graduated from the University. You'd have to say they *were* graduated from the University. He'd say, "*Graduate* is not a verb, and I don't

care how you—you can twist it around any way you want, but you can't use it that way." And you just couldn't. It was a—he was absolutely [adamant].

Nor he wouldn't let you say, "He was probably correct." You could say, "He *probably* was correct," but you couldn't say, "He *was* *probably* correct."

Nor you couldn't say that the fellow was worth *over* a million dollars, or you couldn't say that something was *over* fifty feet high. You'd say *more than*. *Over* means above. You'd say *more than*.

And Graham Sanford wouldn't let you use the word "noted" in connection with anybody. You couldn't say that somebody was a "noted" speaker or a "noted" this, that, or a "noted" politician. He'd say that you could say "eminent," if you wanted, but there was only one "noted" person in the whole world—that was Christ. You could say "eminent."

If you split an infinitive, why, ol' Dave Williamson'd just throw the piece of copy right back at you. He used to talk about "dangling participles," and I never did figure out what that meant [laughing]. Well, so much for the newspaper instructions.

And the idea when you were a reporter [was to] get the facts and then who, where, what, and when. That was the things you based any story you wrote. That was the four cardinal rules: who, where, what, and when. Then go on and embellish it the best you knew how. Be sure those facts were correct. Which reminds me of an old mining reporter I knew down in Goldfield [by] the name of Charlie Spellman, a good one. He was working on the *Goldfield Tribune*, and those were the days when every stockbroker in the world was promoting some nondescript mine someplace where there was no ore or anything else. They didn't even have a mine, but just some company.

And Charlie went in to—Charlie told me this. He went in to see old John C. Martin, who was then the editor of the *Goldfield Tribune* and eminently a very successful man. He said he went in there one morning, and he said, "John," he says, "I got a good story here about a new strike they made out near Diamondfield."

And he says, John says, "Go on and write it."

He says, "I will, just as soon as I get some more facts."

And Martin said to him, "Oh, the hell with the facts. They only spoil the story anyhow!" [laughing]

Well, during [the early days], there were lots of stories, political stories of Pat McCarran's rise in the political world; and Key Pittman's demise, to a certain degree; and Francis G. Newlands's. I think the most eminent one of 'em all, of that whole [group] in there, was Emmet Boyle and then Pat McCarran.

Pat McCarran was a dynamic sort of a fellow. And he became my friend. I became his friend. And we just rubbed elbows with all those fellows—not for any reason, other than just the fact that you were a reporter. That was your job.

And about—in there when I got to be city editor of the *Gazette*, there was a woman that came in here [by] the name of Laura Ambler. Her mother was here, and Laura was graduated from the University. And then she conceived the idea of starting a school of journalism up at the University. And she originated that. And she was followed by [Alfred L.] Higginbotham. And Laura did a pretty good job on the thing. I don't know where she is now. She's still alive; somebody told me they knew her someplace. And she'd worked down at the *Gazette* as a reporter there for a little while before she started this school of journalism.



Anne Martin came in on the scene. At that time, she was a graduate of the University, and she was a teacher in history up there. And she was a very brilliant woman. And she became a suffrage leader, and she went out and stumped the state, and was—. Miss Martin's family were an old family, her people, and they owned all that property there on Mill Street, about where the Holiday Hotel parking lot is, W. O. Henry Martin, W. O. H. Martin.

And Anne could make a real honest-to-goodness speech. She made a great suffrage leader. And she put this thing over, too! She and a gal from back in New York named Mabel Vernon became quite [good friends]. And they were friends of Carrie Chapman Catt and that same group of suffrage leaders. And Anne ran for United States Senator, but she didn't get elected. But she worked—she worked hard for it. She was a lovely person.

Oh, I can remember they'd have—in those days, the political parties would hold trips around the state on the trains, and then they'd meet and hold these political meetings in each of these towns. And they'd—all the candidates, Republican candidates and Democratic candidates—they'd all travel together and then they'd meet, and the county chairman or somebody would—they'd have a big Democratic rally or a Republican rally in all the towns along wherever the railroad went. And each candidate for office on that ticket would get up and make a little speech.

I don't know whether this'd be a good thing to put in that thing or not. When I went to a meeting here in Reno and Maurice J. Sullivan was the lieutenant governor of Nevada and he was candidate for reelection—he was a very personable sort of a fellow, good-looking, and he always used to tell a story, and he told this story:

He said he was down in Schurz the other day, down at the Indian reservation, and he

says, "Old friend Mary came along, old Indian down there," when he came along, "and she had this little red-headed boy with her, holdin' him by the hand."

And he said to her, "Mary," he says, "I didn't know you had a new baby, new little boy. Was his dad red-headed?"

She says, "I don't know. He never took his hat off!" [laughing] He told that story to a mixed audience.

And there was a fellow named Joe Farnsworth, the state printer. He was the Democratic candidate for state printer for years and years and years and was always reelected. I can remember Joe, he'd [be] coming on towards the end of the speechmakers. The candidates for United States Senator would come first, then the candidates for governor, and then the candidates for representative in Congress, then the candidate for secretary of state, and on down the line, according to their importance. And the state printer was way down towards the bottom of the list. So Joe Farnsworth'd come way down towards the bottom of the list.

And I heard him get up and make his speech, and these guys'd all talk and people were getting a little restless. And Joe got up and he'd say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, my Republican opponent (and he'd name him)," he says, "he's a fine man. And if you elect him state printer, you'll get a good man. But I hope you'll vote for me and reelect me." And God, they'd all vote for Joe! He never even come close to getting defeated. But that was the kind of a speech he'd make. They were tickled to death because he'd get out of there fast.

I was going to tell you something about Tasker Oddie. Of course, Tasker came out here from Philadelphia, I think, as representative of the Stokes interests, who operated in Austin and owned that railroad that ran from Austin (it was called the Nevada Central, wasn't it?)

to Battle Mountain. He was a young attorney, and they sent him out here to represent them. They owned a lot of mining, and they had the railroad, and they had lots of interests. And they're the people that built that Stokes castle out at Austin on the side of that hill.

And Oddie was up there, and about that time, Belmont, down at the other end of Smoky Valley, was the county seat of Nye County. So Oddie went down there, and he got to be friends with Jim Butler. And Butler went out prospecting and found this ore, what later became the Tonopah Mining Company. And he cut Oddie in on it. Oddie went over there and picked up some claims, and Oddie became a millionaire. So did Butler in the course of time. So Oddie turned all his attention to mining then. He became quite a prominent resident of Nye County, of Tonopah. They named a mountain there for him, Mt. Oddie. Oh, he was always developing mines, losing his money. In the course of years, why, he kept spending money developing mines, and he never had any more success.

I first met him, really, up in Lucky Boy when he went up in there. Johnny Miller had the Lucky Boy mine, and it was quite a mining property. And there was lots of excitement and lots of development around Lucky Boy. That's out from Hawthorne. I was up there working for L. B. Spencer, a surveyor. I was running a chain for him. I was going to the University then—going to prep school, rather. And my mother had a—she and another woman had opened up a gentlemen's boardinghouse in Lucky Boy, where they had this rather high class boardinghouse; they catered to these engineers. And so I went up there and I spent the summer—the hottest summer I ever spent, I think.

Oddie came in there and he got some property right close in, and he started digging,

developing this mine, and he sunk his shaft there. And they all said it was the finest shaft that was ever sunk. It was fully protected and they spent lots of money doing a good job, but never hit a thing.

So he conceived the idea of wanting to run for governor of Nevada. And he had no money. He had this old cut-down Buick car. He'd taken the back seat of it and made a kind of a truck out of it, and he started campaigning—driving throughout the state, campaigning for it. And he had no money, and every place he'd go, his friends'd buy his gasoline for him so he could go on to the next place. So, darned it he didn't go out and get elected governor, beat Denver Dickerson because of a split in the Democratic party. He was elected governor. I used to talk about Oddie and his sawed-off automobile. Cainpaigned the whole state, traveled the whole state in that old car and got elected.

He was a kindly gentleman, kindly. When it came to politics, he wasn't very forceful or anything. They used to call him "Easy Oddie" because he wouldn't say "No." But things moved along all right during his administration.

But it came along, the Democrats got back on their feet again; they got reorganized and patched up their differences. Some of 'em prevailed on Emmet Boyle, who was a young mining engineer operating on the Comstock and who was a graduate of the University up here, prevailed upon him to seek the Democratic nomination for governor. So he did. I told about that earlier. He was reluctant to run, but he did anyhow.

I thought that thing about Tasker Oddie was interesting because it was true. He was one of the most human people I ever saw—big, bald-headed, tall guy. His head shined like a silver dollar that had just been polished.

There were some real characters around here then, fellows like George Bartlett. Bartlett and George Thatcher were law partners in Tonopah during the boom down there. Thatcher told me one time, he said, "We did so much business down there," he and Bartlett together, he says, "we never had time to write a letter." He says, "Letters would come in, and," he says, "we'd never write a letter. On Saturdays, we'd bring in a court reporter [by] the name of Price, who was a top-notch man and stenographer, and he'd sit down and dictate a telegram to answer every letter that came in, with a telegram." And he says, "Our telegraph bill used to be more than a thousand dollars a month." He said, "That's the way we had to do our business to keep up with it."

Bartlett came from Austin. He got into Tonopah in the early days. Then he ran for Congress and was elected to representative in Congress. They used to tell some of the [most] fabulous stories about ol' Judge Bartlett. They said he was a great party man—he loved to have parties. And They said he used to come out—and he was *always* broke—he'd be coming back to Nevada from Washington, and he'd go in a Pullman car where he was staying and invite everybody in there to dinner in the dining car for dinner, invite 'em all in. And he used to have a hard time scratching up enough dough.

He came here, and Billy Woodburn was appointed United States Attorney, and so he got Bartlett as his assistant United States Attorney. And they worked up there together in that office.

Then, something happened—some judge—some district judge here—I think it was Ed Lunsford, or somebody—resigned, and Emmet Boyle appointed Bartlett as district judge. He was one of the most colorful men I ever saw. And they used to do things there—. Of course, the marriage

business in those days was a bigger business than it is today. And I used to be over there in the courthouse reporting news, and some couple'd come in to be married. So Bartlett's clerk'd call me in to be a witness and he'd call Mrs. Ona Dickerson, who was head of the library there, in to be the other witness for this couple.

We'd get in there—and I've seen this—Bartlett'd say to the—after the wedding was over, he'd say to the man—the fellow'd always say, "Well, Judge, how much do I owe you?"

And he'd always say to him, "How much do you think she's worth [laughing]?"

The guy, see, he'd start diggin' in his pocket and he'd pull out everything he had and handed it to the judge. And the judge'd say, "Now, lookit." He'd hand it to her and he'd say, "Now, go buy yourself some stockings or whatever you want." He wouldn't take a nickel. And he was broke always, and he wouldn't take a nickel. And we'd always get a he'd always stick 'em with a dollar and a half or something for a witness, or two dollars; I forgot how much we got. But we didn't give ours back.

Bartlett, he was a good judge, I thought, but he bumped up against a case there one time, the Ralph Elsmann case. There was a very rich man from San Jose, California came up here and got a divorce, and then there was the custody of a son became the big question in the whole thing. Elsmann went out here in the valley and built that beautiful home out there, the most beautiful home that was ever built around here. It's out there in Washoe Valley about—oh, maybe, say, five miles south of Bowers Mansion, out there on the old Carson Road. It was a gorgeous place, and he built it. And as I recall, there was a maid came up here with him, or a nurse, or something, and his wife, she put up an awful battle for custody of this kid. And he wanted the custody of the



child, the boy. And they had this trial. There was half a dozen lawyers mixed up in the thing representing her and Elsmann, Ralph Elsmann, his name was.

The case went on for weeks and weeks and weeks, and there was just reams of testimony. And I used to follow it very closely because the San Jose papers were very much interested in the thing, and I was their correspondent. Generally every day in the *Gazette*, there'd be a full column story on all the doings of this Elsmann case. And all the women in town got very much interested. They were all working for Mrs. Elsmann. They wanted her to get custody of this boy. And in the final analysis, why, Bartlett gave custody of the boy to Elsmann. And boy, that just blew up! That just defeated Bartlett for that reelection that time, easy.

Judge Ben J. Curler then was elected to succeed him. Bartlett and Curler were very close friends. But Curler was one of the old-timers around here, and he was a very fine judge. His son, Ben, Jr., is now the district judge in Susanville for that area. Ben V. Curler, that's his son's name.

Judge Ben Curler was the son of an old-time lawyer here in Reno, and he was a fine judge. He got to be along seventy years old, he started to learn to fly an airplane. He used to fly his own airplane around here when he learned it. And he raised a big family in Reno. The girls all went to the University.

He told me an interesting little anecdote one time. It was not long after he was admitted to the Bar, he said one of the first cases he got was some fellow out of Beowawe got into trouble and wanted him to come out there and help him straighten it out. So he got out there, and he said the fellow paid him a twenty-five-dollar fee. He said he got back to Reno, and he had this twenty-five dollars in his pocket, and he was walking home. He lived somewhere up

on Sixth Street, and he had to walk by the old high school. There was a fence there, and as he got up there, some guy stuck him up. And he said he was bound and determined he wasn't going to lose that twenty-five dollars that [was] his first fee. So he said he was smoking a cigar, and he said it just made him so mad he stuffed the cigar right in the guy's eye. [Laughing] The guy just took off, and Ben says he just jumped the fence and went home, saved him twenty-five bucks. And he said he had the cops all over town looking for a guy the next day with a burned eye. He told that story two or three times. He thought it was real funny. There were some real characters around here. He was one of 'em.

Ol' Judge Jim Boyd was another one. He wasn't a judge, James T. Boyd. He was a lawyer around here, quite a spellbinder. He got elected to the state senate [1907-1909]. Heard him over in court there one time. There was a woman here [by] the name of Ida Robbins, who used to operate a—she was a madam down there, not on the line, right down there where the Reno Garage is now. She had a great, big house there. And Jim was her attorney. And she got into some kind of trouble and had to appear in district court. And she was on the stand, and ol' Jim said to her, "Miss Robbins, what is your name?"

And she said, "Why do you ask me that?" She says, "You know me."

And, "Where do you live?"

She says, "You don't need to ask me that! You've been there enough times." [laughing]

He says, "Is your name Miss Robbins?"

And she says, "Yes, and you know it."

I forgot what she was charged with it was something. But anyhow, he got her off. We used to have some wonderful characters around here.

One of the most dramatic political meetings they've had in Reno, in my opinion,

was when Woodrow Wilson was making that tour of the country in behalf of the League of Nations. Of course, there were no facilities in Reno to hold a meeting. There was only the two theaters, the Majestic Theater, the Granada Theater, and the old Grand Theater, over on Virginia Street. And, of course, they expected crowds. And when the train came in—.

In the meantime, Charlie Gorman, who was the comptroller of the University and subsequently vice president of the University—I've forgotten whether Charlie ever did become president of the University at one time. Anyhow, he was a genius, that fellow. He conceived the idea that they ought to have some loudspeakers. And that was in the day before there were such animals. So he went down to Mare Island and made arrangements to get some loudspeaker equipment and brought it up here, and he installed a loudspeaker there in the Granada Theater and also strung wires over—strung it over to the Grand Theater on Virginia Street in some manner. So when Wilson came here to make a speech, he would speak in the microphone on the stage of the Granada Theater (it was called the Rialto Theater then). Somebody said it was the first time that Wilson had ever used a microphone. But he spoke, and the crowds filled the street, and you could hear him all over. And the crowds filled the Grand Theater over on Virginia Street, and you could hear him in there very plainly, fine. And Charlie Gorman had done this all on his own, put up all the money himself and conceived the idea. It was the first time anything like that had ever been used in the United States, as far as I ever found out. It sure did pay off. I know I went to cover that.

It was very interesting to see Wilson. He was very, very ill right then. He was just going downhill fast. He was up there making those

speeches, but he could hardly hold his head up. It's pathetic in a way.

I think the people here were for him. They thought that the League of Nations probably was a good idea, as far as I recall. I know that Graham Sanford didn't think so in the *Gazette*. He—-they were all worried in those days about sovereignty. Personally, I think the United States Senate did the United States a disservice by not approving that League of Nations at that time. Because I think if it had been approved at the time, the second world war would've been averted. I've always felt that. I haven't really any real basis to say it, but I just felt that way, always. Of course, it wasn't long after that before Wilson collapsed and died.

It was following a political campaign in which Tasker L. Oddie was elected to the United States Senate [1926]. And the *Gazette* had supported Oddie through thick and thin in all that campaign. And it was after they'd left and it was all over, I just happened to be in Mr. Sanford's office. Oddie walked in there and laid three thousand—three \$1,000 bills on his desk.

And ol' Graham says, "Tasker, what's that for?"

"Well," he says, "that's for the support you gave me during the campaign."

And Graham says, "No, you don't owe me anything. I did it because I wanted to. So you just take your bills and put 'em away," and he did. I saw that happen. Of course, this was way after the campaign.

Well, he got a lot of money from the Republican National Committee. Tasker was very poor in those days. But it was money that had been put up by his campaign from some source, the Republican National Committee, or something. But he was— it was honest on his part. He wanted—he thought Graham had done him a great service, and he hadn't.

But Sanford was a Republican and he liked Oddie, and he went all out for him without any hope of reward.

Would I like to talk about the evolution of the wire services? Well, yes. When I first went to work on the *Journal* in 1915, the *Journal* had the Associated Press and was operated on a wire and taken by typewriter by an operator who would listen to that thing and pound out the [message] and get the news. We had about—I don't know; I've forgotten when it was that they introduced the machines. And in the meantime, the *Gazette* had taken the Associated Press, and we had the old operator they had in there. He used to use one of these blind Remington machines. And he could sit there and talk to you—smoke cigarettes and he'd talk to you—and pound away and never miss a trick. Then, a fellow [by] the name of [F. W.] McKechnie bought the *Journal* at one time from Governor Scrugham, and so he dropped the AP and took over the United Press. (Of course, the United Press became United Press International later on.)

But one of the interesting things we used to do in those old days was on the World Series—I used to do this—we'd set up a blackboard over in front of the old Grand Theater on Virginia Street, set up a blackboard there with all the team[s] and all that stuff on it. And then, a telephone line, a private telephone line from the *Gazette* news room ran over to the theater. And I had earphones on, and I'd stand there on a platform. And Laurence Gulling, who lives here—still lives here in Reno, used to phone. He'd sit there when this stuff came in on the wire, and he'd read it off the typewriter there; he'd read it from the typewriter to me over the telephone, and I'd announce it with a megaphone and then write down whatever happened that I could write. We used to have a crowd there on Virginia Street that just packed Virginia

Street there, near Second, where the old Grand Theater was.

And a streetcar line ran up there then, the old Moana streetcar line. And it [the crowd] used to block the streetcars. We used to have lots of fun. It'd always start about one o'clock in the afternoon. Boy, the sun used to *boil* down there and I'd stand up there and announce that thing through the megaphone. And there was a lot of old fans out there. And sometimes, I'd make a mistake, just on purpose. And they knew it! And they just raised heck about it—yelled and bawled me out [laughing]. It was fun! I'd say, "There's two outs" when there was only one, and boy, did they ever yell!

There were some real fans there—a fellow [by] the name of Dan Dunkle, who was then the county treasurer; a fellow [by] the name of Sam Mazingo, who was then one of the managers of Gray Reid's store; and the late Dr. Fred Rulison. He was one of those avid baseball fans. He had his office up the street, and he'd drop everything and leave patients sitting there in the chair to come on down and listen to that ball game.

And Dan Dunkle was the county treasurer, and he'd come over there and bring a stool over to sit out in front there and watch. And one time, some guy there—I've forgotten who it was—and Dan was sitting, intent on the ball game, and this fellow'd had a car down the street or something, and he fastened a rope on Dan's stool and pulled it out from under him. And oh, boy, there was a great commotion! I sat up there on this platform and watched it.

We used to have fun in those days. It was a little crude, but it was fun just the same. I got to be a pretty good baseball [announcer]. I got to be a good baseball fan, and I got to learn—know—something about baseball, real big league baseball. At that time, I knew all the averages and the new statistics about baseball, something I forgot fast afterwards. The only

person I know around here now who knows that stuff is Ty Cobb at the *Journal* office. Oh, bets an avid fan. He's one of the best sports editors there is on the Pacific Coast, I think.

One of the most interesting chapters in Nevada political history was the reestablishment of wide open gambling in Nevada. See, wide open gambling had prevailed in Nevada until October of 1910. The legislature of 1909 legislated it out of existence and let it stay open 'til October, 1910 because the Jeffries-Johnson fight was scheduled for the Fourth of July in 1910. So they left it on.

The legislature then of 1931 came along; that was after the Depression that was felt throughout the country. And Reno hadn't been hit so badly 'til the banks began to fail in 1929. So the legislature of 1931, George Wingfield and Noble Getchell and a fellow [by] the name of Jack Robbins from Elko and Fred Balzar of Mineral County, who was then the governor, and a few more decided that perhaps if wide open gambling was established in Nevada, they could avert the Depression entirely. And so the bill was introduced, and it was passed. And that was the reason for it, was Wingfield and Noble Getchell, who was the senator from Lander County; and Jack Robbins, who was the state senator from Elko County; and Fred Balzar, who had been the state senator from Mineral County and who was then the governor who had defeated Scrugham when Scrugham ran for reelection. The governor, Balzar, beat him. And that bill, [the] wide open gambling bill was introduced, and that was the reason for it.

At the same time, they introduced a bill to shorten up the divorce period to six weeks. And both of 'em were passed by the legislature, and they were signed by the governor late at night. They were rushed—the minute they were passed by the house and senate,

whichever—I've forgotten which one passed it last. But the minute they were signed—passed by them, they were rushed and they were enrolled and rushed right in to the governor to sign, and he signed them right that minute. I know I covered that story.

Then—well, that Cole-Malley case was one of those strange things; at least I thought so, because Ed Malley was a very fine gentleman. And they got visions of grandeur that they could make a lot of money out of oil down at Long Beach. George Cole was the state controller, and he conceived the idea of dipping into the state treasury by faking these checks to make the account [balance]. So when the election came along, Cole was defeated for reelection by Edward C. Peterson. And that ended their little party. It was a triple conspiracy. There were three of 'em. There was Cole, the state controller; and Malley, the state treasurer; and a fellow named E. W. Clapp, who was the cashier of the Carson Valley Bank. All three of 'em were in it. And that bank was the depository of the state funds, part of 'em. And so when Cole was defeated for reelection, why, that ended the thing, and it came out.

So Malley went and told Wingfield about it. And Wingfield came down and told Mr. Sanford at the *Gazette* the story, and we wrote that story. And, oh, it was quite a story, \$516,000.<sup>13</sup> I think it was, that was missing out of the state treasury. And they had a trial in Carson City and tried Malley and Cole and Clapp. And they were convicted.

And then one of the interesting things, Frank Helmick went up to Carson to cover the trial, and I took the thing. He phoned me. [We] didn't have a teletype deal in [those days], just a straight ol' telephone. You'd just hold it up to your ear 'til you were paralyzed, and write column after column of that stuff, the testimony. And then one

of the interesting things came [up], about who was responsible for all of this money. Was the bank responsible? So it was up to the legislature to work out a deal. So they worked out a deal there where the bank was to pay thirty percent, and the state wanted to get them to pay thirty-three and a third percent. And they worked out the deal with the legislature through Wingfield and those guys. So they paid thirty percent, and then they levied a tax to make up the difference, to make up the \$516,000. And that became quite a little issue in the legislature, on what kind of a compromise they were going to reach. That was the compromise that was reached. That was the biggest story of that time in there.

Then, the next biggest story was the McKay-Graham case. And I covered that from the outset. I happened to be in Carson City at the federal court when McKay and Graham were indicted. They were indicted back in the Third District of New York, and they sent the indictment and everything out here for them to process—to pick up McKay and Graham on those bunco charges.

I've said this before, and I think I'm right, that McKay and Graham were—what they were after—it was plain egotism on their part; it wasn't money, because they didn't [deal in] that kind of money. But in that day, why, there was always some gangsters that controlled everything all over the United States and different states. And some of these hot shots came in here and blew smoke at McKay and Graham, made them think that they controlled the state. And there was a lot to that, and so they thought they could get away with this, and they would be the clearing house for this bunco stuff. And it was plain egotism on their part, I think.

And the trial was held in the Third District in New York, and their first trial was—oh, it was an interesting thing. At the

time, why, every effort was being made to get these charges against McKay and Graham dismissed. And E. P. Carville was then a United States Attorney. He was afterwards a United States Senator and governor. They brought pressure on him to get him to use his influence to have these cases dismissed. And he wouldn't do it.

And so then, they brought in a “blue ribbon” jury. Some judge put in what they call a “blue ribbon” jury to try these fellows a second time, and they were convicted. And we had a man back in New York then, he used to wire out a complete—that scrapbook ought to be down there in the old *Gazette* office there someplace, where that thing is, the scrapbook. It's the most terrific scrapbook in there. It's got that whole thing from start to finish. And they convicted 'em and sent 'em to prison and fined 'em \$10,000 apiece, McKay and Graham and some others. And ol' Bill Graham used to refer to it as “when he went to college.” He was a character if there ever was one. There was a good man, good fellow in a lot of ways. He did a lot of good things.

Here's a little incident, something that I don't know if it's been told about, some of the things that Graham did. But during the Depression years, of course, there were so many poor devils around here—poor old mining men and others that were broke, and [with] no place to go, nothing to eat. And so Graham leased the upstairs of what is now the Palace saloon (it was just a hall) and put some beds in and some facilities, toilet facilities. And some of the fellows who didn't have a place to sleep, they kept it—he kept the place clean and policed. And these fellows that were broke, all they'd have to do was go down to the Bank Club and Graham would—one of the men thered get [James] Sullivan or somebody to give the miner a ticket, and he'd go up there and get a bed. And it was also good for a meal



at the Bank Cafe. And they did that for a long time. And they kept that place spic and span and clean. And believe me, there was never any women around that place. It was run as a respectable men's flophouse. It was, and Graham paid for the whole thing himself. It's true. I know it's true, because I went up and looked at the place.

Well, here's an interesting little thing that happened. There was a fellow [who] was up in that place. He was an old miner [by] the name of Tom Pilkey. He was an old miner and he got pneumonia, and they took him down to Washoe Hospital, and he died down there. I used to write the obituaries on the *Gazette*, and Jim O'Brien and the undertakers would always bring in—every day, they'd bring in little slips in to the office, showing who was dead. And Jim brought these in one day, and he handed them to me, and among them was this name, Pilkey. And I asked Jim, I says, "Who is this fellow?"

And he says, "We don't know." He says, "The last address we could get was Denver, and," he said, "we wired there and didn't hear at all from anybody. Nobody heard of—knew of him." "And so," I says, "what're you goin' to do with him?"

He says, "We've got him up there, and," he says, "if we don't hear from [someone]," he says, "we'll just have to give him a county burial."

And next door to where I lived back in Colorado, my best friend was a boy named Tom Pilkey, and his dad was an old miner. So I went up to O'Brien's undertaking shop and went in and took a look, and this was Tom Pilkey's dad. He was a very dark man. And that's who it was. So I—oh, some months before, my mother'd written to me and gave me an address of Mrs. Pilkey in Denver. And I'd kept the address, and so I told O'Brien, I said, "Don't bury this fellow yet 'til we hear some more. I'll find out about [his relatives]."

So I wired to Tom at this address in Denver and got a wire back from him to have funeral services conducted for his dad and he'd pay the bill. And so that's what we did. And he's buried out here in Mountain View now. And so I got hold of Brewster Adams and I got half a dozen old miners I knew for pallbearers. And Brewster Adams conducted a little service for him. And I've often thought that if that death notice hadn't come to me, that fellow would've been buried and nobody would've ever known about it, because I think I'm the only man, only person, in the whole state of Nevada who had ever heard of him or knew of him. It was just one of those coincidences, incidents that occur once in a blue moon. I never had very many like it.

Ed Roberts was the mayor of Reno in the 1920's. He was quite a character. He was easy to cover because he always had a story. All you'd have to is go see Ed, and he'd always have a story for you of some kind you could [print]. No matter what it was about, he'd always have something to say. He was a very colorful—one of the most colorful politicians around here. He was a schoolteacher from Carson City and was elected to the House of Representatives and served in Congress for a while and came back to here to run for United States Senate, but Tasker L. Oddie beat him for the Republican nomination. So he stayed here in Reno and opened up law offices and then ran for mayor of Reno and defeated Harry [E.] Stewart, which was too bad at the time. At least, I thought so. But Ed was colorful, and he was dynamic, and he'd do most anything, especially if he had a few drinks on board, which was generally the case.

Here's a little something. You take Idlewild Park, for instance. The city of Reno, under the previous mayor, they bought that land up where Idlewild Park is from the Newlands estate—I forgot; they paid something like

\$10,000 for all that land in there—and it wasn't improved very much. It needed a lot of improvement. So Ed took over, and he decided he was going to improve that land. And believe me, he did! Nobody had a name for it, and so the *Journal*—I was on the *Journal* then; I was still on the *Journal* then before I went back to the *Gazette*. And so we offered a ten-dollar prize for somebody to submit a name for that park. We got lots of names. And the idea was that all of these names, the city council was to pick out the name that suited 'em the best in the contest. And a woman named Bessie Eichelberger submitted the name "Idlewild."

I remember when we submitted it to the council—all the names to the council to make a selection. And so Ed Roberts, he picked this one out. He said, "This is the best one!" He says, "That's certainly wild enough, and," he says, "I never saw a soul ever do a tap of work up there. So 'Idlewild' is a good name." That's the way that Idlewild got its name. So we gave Bessie the ten bucks. She was a character herself. She was one of these political leaders—woman suffragettes.

Of course, we were very much interested in the development of Idlewild Park. And I'll have to say this about Roberts. There was an old councilman named Bill Justi. And he was the chairman of the park commission, the park committee of the city council. And believe me, he worked on it. He was out to that Idlewild Park every hour of the day, I think. He was a funny old duck. And they had a zoo out there, an old mangy zoo, old mangy bear and buffalo. That just died from lack of money and care.

So they decided they were going to have a transcontinental highway exposition here. They were going to have the highway completed over the mountain to San Francisco, through Verdi and up the Truckee

River canyon. And they were going to celebrate the thing with a transcontinental highway exposition here in Reno, which was a dream. And Ed was a prime mover in that. And he went to the California legislature to get them to help out. So they came up here. Jimmy Rolph was then the governor of California, and they came up here and built that building up in Idlewild [Park] called the California Building. That was a part of the transcontinental highway exposition, supposed to be. And they built a tent city out here, over where the new Federal building is, out there on Booth Street, thought there was going to be thousands of people here to take care of, and there wasn't a corporal's guard here. There wasn't hardly any—I don't think there was ever any of those tents ever occupied because nobody ever came to the thing. And that's all that ever came out of it, was that California Building. The California legislature provided the money to build that. And that's all that ever came [of that].

And then the legislature did appropriate some money to build a museum down in Powning Park, the one that was torn down to make way for the present [Pioneer Theater-Auditorium]. Jimmy Scrugham was the governor, and he was very much interested in these old artifacts in Nevada, and particularly the buried city in southern Nevada. And so the legislature appropriated the money to build a building there for purposes of that kind, for a historic display, not a historical society building, but for things of that character. And that's how that came about. And it's supposed to be an auditorium, but it wasn't fully designed for an auditorium. Never did work out that way.

They finally wound up with a—it was right on the corner of Virginia and Mill Street, there by the bridge, was the old Carnegie Public Library. The building had been built by the

Carnegie Foundation, and that was Reno's library.

Well, they wanted a new post office in Reno, and so they worked out a deal. See, the old post office was there where the Mapes Hotel is now. And the Mapes Hotel bought that property from the government [with] the understanding that the city would provide land for the new post office building, and among the things was the Carnegie Library. And they gave that land, so the county library was torn down to make way for the new building. So when the state built that new State Building over there in Powning Park, why, they finally wangled a spot for a library. That's where the library was, in there, for years and years and years. It wasn't adequate, but that was the best there was.

Jennie Elizabeth Wier was over trying to work out a deal to get a Nevada Historical Society building, but she and Jim Scrugham didn't hit it off very well. Jim was the governor, and Jennie couldn't get to first base getting him to do anything for her because they didn't—they had both been teachers up at the University, and someplace along the line, they'd clashed; I don't know where. So after the new library building was built, they finally wound up by getting a piece of the basement down there for the Historical Society, remember? I've forgotten just exactly how that came about, but—. And those were some of the stories back in those days that we worked on.

I spoke of some of the local politicians a few minutes ago. I will discuss them a bit more.

Old "Rags" [Justi] was a hanger-on up at the Bank Club, ran a cigar store in there. He was one of McKay and Graham's boys. And they kept him on the city council there for years, just to kind of protect their interest. And the third ward was his (they elected

councilmen in those days by wards). And the third ward was the downtown ward. Nobody could beat Bill Justi because he—they had it all sewed up down there. There was a what they called a "three o'clock vote," and that was the people that worked all night and got up at three o'clock in the afternoon; that was the girls from down in the red light district and all through there. They were all Bill Justi's constituents, and nobody could ever beat him. So they tried many a time, but never could succeed. And so Bill always controlled it. But that was his baby, taking care of Idlewild Park. He could get ahold of any money, city money, no matter what they needed money for. If he could get his hands on it, they'd put it in that park. They put in trees and roads in there, and he used to hire some old crony for the gardener, finally got some of his political cronies in there, and he got some pretty good men. They did some pretty good work way back when. And I always give him credit for it. A lot of people thought he was an old grafter. I never thought so. I don't think Bill ever stole a nickel. But if McKay and Graham and the gamblers downtown wanted anything from the city, they got it through Bill. He was their boy, and he admitted it and worked at it. The same was true of Ed Roberts.

Ed Roberts had a very beautiful daughter. When they were back in Washington, she met [Walter Perry] Johnson, the "Big Train," the pitcher. Well, she was married to him, and every summer, they used to come out to Reno to visit Roberts and his wife. They lived on South Virginia Street, about where the Ponderosa Hotel is now. And he'd come out, and he'd get out there and play baseball with the kids around. They'd get out there in the street and play baseball. He was a great fellow, that ol' Johnson.

Roberts died, and then Sam Frank was the acting mayor, and then John Cooper



was elected in 1935. Yeh, and then there was an effort made to kind of move that gang of which Sam Frank was one, and Roberts, and Justi, and all of 'em—tried to move 'em out of the city hall. John A. Cooper at that time owned the Golden Rule store, which afterward was sold to J. C. Penney.

Cooper was a very, very, very wealthy man. And he was the president of the old Washoe County Bank. We all had a part in talking him into running for mayor, which was too bad, because he'd been used to bossing a bunch of clerks around, you know, and he thought he could go in there and tell the members of the city council what to do. And they wouldn't pay any attention to him.

The first trouble he got into was the appointment of a chief of police, a fellow [by] the name of Lou Gammell. He appointed him, Lou, the automobile salesman. And they wanted to revamp the police department. So he appointed Lou Gammell, a very fine man, as chief of police. And where the council members was concerned, they told Cooper, "Well, now, each one of us are going to name one of the police officers." So that left Gammell high and dry. He didn't have any [more] control over that police department than I did. It didn't work out worth a darn, floor old Cooper. He started drinking and gambling, and he just blew up finally. He lost most of his money, and it was too bad, just on account of being mayor.

The last I remember of Cooper, he was checking cars down at Luning for the Gabbs mining people. His daughter, I think, still lives down in Las Vegas. His wife got a divorce from him. It was just one of those sad things. Because there was a man that was a—he was an honest individual, got into that public life and it didn't work worth a darn.

Then Harry Stewart needed somebody to straighten things out, and Harry Stewart

had been the mayor at one time. And prior to the time that Harry was first elected mayor, there wasn't a paved street in the city of Reno. He [was] elected on the premise that they were going to pave these streets, "take Reno out of the mud." And believe me, he did. Harry ran the Nevada Transfer and Warehouse Company, a very fine man. And a good administrator and a good—. And he had a top-notch council, too, at that time. It was Si Ross and a fellow [by] the name of Chris Duborg; a fellow [by] the name of Peter Steffes was on the council, but Stewart was the mayor. And they put in an awful lot of paving on the assessment, on this direct assessment, and the consequence, why, when he ran for reelection, a lot of these people who had to pay for having their streets paved in front of their houses, although they realized what it was, what it amounted to, how fine it was, why, still it was defeated. And August Frohlich was elected. August was another good man. But he wasn't a good mayor because he was too "dead." He'd never make a decision. Poor old August was a good man, but it ruined him, being mayor of the city of Reno.

That was true with quite a number of them. It was. It wasn't true with Roberts because he didn't change at all. Being mayor didn't bother him a particle. Being mayor, Stewart, didn't bother him any; it didn't hurt him any. And then we bumped into this guy Baker. Gee, what a mistake that was!

One of the most effective councilmen that the city of Reno ever had was Si Ross. He could've been mayor any time he wanted to be, but he didn't want to be. Earl C. Ross was a very fine councilman. A fellow [by the] name of Bob Nelson, who was an old groceryman; ol' Peter Steffes. There was a printer [by] the name of George Smith [who] was a pretty good councilman.

Well, I'd like to talk a little about the early days of the highway construction in Nevada. This was—I can't remember the year when they created the Nevada highway department; I've forgotten what year that was. But I know Graham Sanford was one of the prime movers in the thing. The original bill [that] created the state highway department was drawn by Judge Cole L. Harwood. He was a prominent Reno attorney. (His son [Paul Atkins Harwood] was afterwards in the English department up at the University.) And it was introduced in the legislature. Of course, in those days, there was a terrific controversy in Nevada over highways. There were no highways. There was just mud trails across the state. And the controversy [was] between the Lincoln Highway and the Overland Trail. The Lincoln Highway ran from Ely across through Eureka and Austin and into Fallon and then over into Carson City the way that highway— Highway 50, I guess. Then the Overland Trail ran through Elko and then Winnemucca and Lovelock. And there was great rivalry between the two groups to get that transcontinental highway across the state. And it was really quite a controversy over that. !Then they created the state highway department, they were defining secondary roads and primary roads, and everybody wanted to have a primary road.

The Overland Trail, the two principle advocates of that were Jim Goodin (he was a real estate man and insurance agent in Lovelock) and his brother, Bill, and a fellow [by] the name of Harry Murrish, and L. A. Friedman, who was a mining operator and had been a state senator.

And then on the other highway, the principle workers on that were I. H. Kent in Fallon and Bob Douglass and Tom Dolf— and let's see—Judge George Kenny. Reno tried to

kind of play it kind of neutral, trying to get them both to come in here.

But about that time, the federal government was—Congress was thinking about creation of a national highway act. It was predicated to some degree, using the excuse that they needed it for military purposes to get across this continent. That's where Senator Oddie came into the picture. They drew the highway act back there, and it was called the Oddie-Colton bill. Colton, I guess, was a representative in the House. And that bill is the basis for the highway law today. Oddie worked hard on that, and it was one of his great achievements in Congress.

Then another one of his achievements was the obtaining of the Hawthorne ammunition depot. They had a depot back East that was blown up, a bad town explosion. It was blown up and killed a lot of people, and they decided they'd get it out of the—get it someplace where there wasn't any danger of killing a lot of—get it out of a populated area. So they were looking towards the West, and there were two sites. They sent a task force out there to find the site, and Oddie advocated the Hawthorne, and the California representative advocated Herlong up there. And [it] looked like Herlong was going to get it because they had more pressure. But just about that time, it rained. There was a terrific rainstorm up in that country, and the whole area got flooded. And we had a good photographer in Reno [by] the name of Roy Curtis. So the Chamber of Commerce sent Roy Curtis up there and he took pictures on stilts all through there that they used, sent 'em back there to show that that place was not suitable for an ammunition depot or anything else. And so Hawthorne got it. Oddie was the one who pressed it and put it through. He was quite proud of that, and I don't blame him.

And then in the highway thing, of course, federal funds were allocated to the various states. And they brought in a highway engineer here named Clark Cottrell, C. C. Cottrell. And he was a pretty smart operator. So he conceived the idea that these states with all the federal owned land should get more money on the basis of the amount of federally owned land. And that's the basis on which federal money is distributed today. And Cottrell put that thing right through by himself— oh, that is, he developed the idea and took it back to Congress. I've forgotten whether Oddie was back there. I believe Oddie was in on the Nevada delegation, at least, [along with] [Key] Pittman and the whole group from Nevada. They got a lot of western senators whose states had lots of federally owned land in on the thing, and so they put the thing through so that— forgotten the exact ratio now. The ratio's about—instead of being fifty-fifty, I think the ratio's something like twelve to one; I don't think it's quite that high. I've forgotten now. That sure put the highway building on its feet.

The first big highway controversy they had here was on the road from here to Carson, on the location of the road from here to Carson. The state highway board that was created under the act setting up the Nevada highway department, it provided that a lay board was to be administering it. The idea was to keep it out of politics just as far as they could, so they let the governor appoint a lay board. And the first board was George Campbell, who was the manager of the Sierra Pacific Power Company at that time; and [a man by] the name of Alexander, W. D. Alexander, I think his name was, who was the head of the chamber of commerce; and James Leonard of Virginia City. Emmet Boyle was the governor.

When it came along to locate that highway, there was several that advocated that the

highway run on the east side of Washoe Lake. Governor Boyle wanted to run it on the west side. He thought the highway ought to feed those ranches in there—Bowers Mansion and all that ranch country. I know Mr. Sanford of the *Gazette*, he thought it ought to take the east side of the lake because it was a shorter route to Carson City.

And so, [it was] one of the controversies that boiled and boiled and boiled! Finally, the highway department, by a vote of two to one, decided to take it on the east side of the lake. So Boyle fired 'em all. That is, he let them all go excepting one, Jim Leonard. Then he appointed two more, Billy Johnson and—. Jim Leonard stayed on, and anyhow, the new board that was appointed changed the location to the present location. That's why that road goes up on top of Washoe Hill there, because it was built that far.

One of the first contractors to build highways in Nevada, build one of the first stretches of highway built, the road out of Reno towards Carson City, George Malone and Tom King were the highway [contractors]. Malone was afterwards a senator, and Tom King was his partner. They built that piece of highway, but they didn't do so good. They kind of went broke at it because it was a new racket for them. But that started the highway off.

A fellow [by] the name of George W. Borden was the first highway engineer, and he was succeeded by C. C. Cottrell. And after that, things began to hum because Cottrell was a dynamo. He not only was a good highway builder, but he had lots of ideas and he put them through. The highway boards went along with him, and so Nevada got launched on a good highway construction program. And it's remained that way.

In my way of thinking, the one who did one of the finest jobs in Nevada building highway[s] was [Robert A.] Bob Allen.

When he took that highway department over, it was a kind of a mess. He applied a lot of good business judgment to it and a lot of determination, which he had.

The highway department, of course, became quite a place for political appointments. The one who controlled the highway department, of course, controlled an awful lot of patronage. And so along came one session of the legislature ([I've] forgotten what it was), the Republicans decided that it was about time that they got control of the highway department. So they introduced a bill up there to abolish the lay board and substitute for [it] the present—the governor, the attorney general, and the state controller, I think. I think that's the highway board now. Well, they were all Republicans at that particular time, so that's what they did. So then's when the Republicans took over the control of the highway department. It was a plain political move just to get ahold of that patronage. And believe me, they made the most of it. That thing was engineered by Senator Noble Getchell and the—let's see. Who was the other Republican who really did that? But he was the prime mover in it. A fellow named Johnny Miller from Hawthorne, I think [William F.] Dressler from Gardnerville—they were the Republicans who really turned that into a political machine.

The greatest opponent of that bipartisan machine was the *Reno Evening Gazette*. Old Graham Sanford just—he fought that thing tooth and toenail all the way through. But then they had some pretty smart operators in that Wingfield layout, like Getchell and Johnny Miller, Fred Balzar, Morley Griswold. They were all part of that bipartisan machine, all part of that Wingfield machine. So was George Thatcher and Billy Woodburn. There weren't two better politicians in the state of Nevada than those two. Thatcher'd been attorney general.

That was an interesting thing, when Thatcher was attorney general. Governor Oddie was out of the state. He was out to some governors' meeting out of the state someplace. And Gilbert Ross, who had been a schoolteacher in Tonopah and a pretty smart operator (he was a Democrat), he'd been elected lieutenant governor. While Oddie was out of the state, why, a fellow [by] the name of Cleveland Baker was attorney general, and Cleve died [1912]. And before Oddie could get back to the state, Ross appointed George Thatcher as attorney general, a Democrat. He just moved in there. And it was, of course, Oddie's prerogative to fill that vacancy. But Gilbert Ross just beat Oddie to it before he got back to Nevada. And that was quite a political controversy there for a long time. Thatcher was attorney general and then [Leonard Fowler]. And Ross went on to become state bank examiner, and he went on to become a great friend of Vail Pittman. He was a friend of Key Pittman's, too, but he was a great friend of Vail Pittman.

When Vail was governor, why, the state employment service had just been organized, and there was a fellow [by] the name of [Albert] McGinty, who was the director of the state employment service. And Gilbert didn't have a job of any kind. He had been state bank examiner, and when the Cole-Malley affair developed, why, he lost out on that. He didn't have a job when Pittman was elected governor. And this was a fair job, at least I thought so. And others on that board were Gordon [B.] Harris and Francis [M.] Young, and there was a woman on there. What was her name? Mrs. Helen Williams. All of a sudden, why, Pittman up and fired McGinty. That made us all mad and made me mad enough so I resigned from the board. He fired McGinty and he appointed Gilbert Ross as the head of the thing. Well, nobody could

complain about Gilbert being appointed head of it, because he was thoroughly competent and did a good job. But McGinty was such a fine man. There was no reason; it was all done just to create a job for Ross, that was all.

Later on, why, Ross became—Ross was quite a personality here, Gilbert Ross in politics. He became director of the WPA and did a marvelous job, I always thought. You take Virginia Lake, that was his idea. He created that. He got the county to buy that land in there. Then they had the WPA labor put in that lake. And it was WPA labor that built all that rock wall around University Terrace, and they did a *marvelous* job around here. That was one time the WPA paid off big, as far as Nevada's concerned.

While Ross was director of the WPA, why, Bob Allen, who was then out of the state highway department, was the director of the Public Works Administration. Bob Allen became the director of that. And then [A. M.] Tom Smith, who had been state engineer, he became Allen's assistant. Believe me, the two of those guys did a really remarkably fine job as far as Nevada was concerned, I always thought. Because they did everything right on the up and up. There was no shenanigans mixed up in that at all. So Nevada really got some service out of those two Roosevelt programs.

Cecil W. Creel was later on head of one of those programs. Let's see, which one was it? There was a good man. I always thought Cecil was a wonderful, fine man. I went to school with him. His dad was one of the first Indian agents in Nevada— well, not one of the first ones, but he was one of the latter day ones. And Cecil and his sister went to school [here]. Cecil became director of the Extension Service, and he was a dandy. He was succeeded by Tom Buckman. Tom was his assistant.

Cecil's great ambition was to be Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, but he never could make it. He ran for Senator at one time. I think he ran for the Republican nomination for Senator and did make it. The idea was to—what he was looking for was to get to be that Assistant Secretary of Agriculture in the Republican administration. But he never could make it. It was too bad, too, because that would've been a great thing for his career, for the climax of it. He knew his way around, and he earned it, but [missed the appointment].

In the meantime, why, Graham Sanford had prevailed upon Leola to become the society and women's editor of the *Gazette*. And she couldn't even run a typewriter! But she learned the "hunt and peck" system, and she became a damned good society editor, believe me, the best they've ever—. And Ruth relieved her one time we were going on vacation. Ruth Ferris took over for a couple of weeks for her because they lived right close to us at that time.

During the second World War, the Reno Army Air Base was established up there. I remember the Surgeon General came in here and he wanted to—he requested the red light district [be] closed. I talked to him about it and asked him why.

And he says, "I'll tell you. The reason [is]," he says, "we have a very definite theory on these things, that these red light districts spread venereal diseases." And he said, "Our theory is that twenty percent of the fellows that go in the service," he says, "you don't have to worry about, either [on] account of religious beliefs or because they've got better sense. Then," he says, "there's another twenty percent," he says, "there's nothing you can do about it," he said, "no matter what happened. So," he says, "whenever the rate of venereal disease in any place gets above twenty percent, we begin to look out because we want to



protect the other twenty percent.” And he says, “And that’s why we want these houses of prostitution closed.” And that was the reason they closed them at that time, as I recall. I think Stewart was the mayor then. That was the way the Surgeon General put it.

The only thing I can remember about—we had an old maid cashier there at the *Journal* office. And we had two reporters there, Johnny Brackett and Ty Cobb. Ty is still down there. And when they were closing up the red light district, why, they came—these two crazy guys—they went in to Helen Haines Hood and gave her some slips for expenses. And she dawn near gave it to ’em for covering the story [laughing]! And she— [it] finally dawned on her that they were just ribbing her. But she was going to kill those two guys! I’ve kidded Helen about that yet. She still lives in Tonopah. Those guys pretty near talked her out of the money for covering that story. She was quite a cashier, that gal.

When the reporters wanted a new pencil, she’d make ’em bring back—bring her the stub before she’d give ’em a new pencil.

I want to record the story of the free port law. Well, Mr. [Ed] Bender, whose dad was one of Reno’s first bankers in Reno, he and his brother started the old Washoe County Bank way back when. And Ed was a member of an old pioneer family. He was married to Adele Norcross. And after the war, he came back here. The next war, they had this War Production Board, and he was appointed a state chairman of the state War Production Board Committee, and they passed on all the—anybody who was building something and wanted material, they had to get an okay from this board for saving strategic material. And so that’s how he got interested in the warehouses. In the course of his work, he had to find [a] warehouse where government material [could be stored]. And he couldn’t

find any. He went as far up as Westwood, and clear up to Susanville, and all over, looking for warehouses, and couldn’t [find any]. That gave him the idea they ought to have some warehouses around here. So then he arranged some way to lease that land up there alongside the railroad track and build these warehouses of his own.

After he got the warehouses built, he had to find something to put in them. And he got this idea of this free port law someplace, and just worked it around. I know the way I happened to get in on it, he just came down to the newspaper office to see me and asked me what I thought of it. And I didn’t know what he was talking about. But I told him I’d go along with him—I didn’t know. So I did.

And he worked the thing over, worked it all he wanted to, and then he wanted to know if I’d go to Carson City with him and get Alan Bible, then attorney general, to draw the free port law. Alan said he remembers to this day when Ed and I came in there and asked him to draw this free port law. And Alan says, “I didn’t know what he meant. But,” he said, “we’d draw it.” And the legislature passed it. And that’s where it started, right there.

Ed promoted it the best way he knew how. And before long, he had his warehouses full. These national concerns that were selling in California, they were sending in carloads of stuff here for him. And that was the nucleus—that’s what started the warehouse business right here in Reno. And it’s been very lucrative for a lot of people and a very fine business. And Ed Bender’s the one that deserves the entire credit. Then his son has carried on wonderfully, Frank. Oh, he’s done a wonderful job, I think, in maintaining these warehouses and all that.

Of course, Ed and his family’ve always been one of my best friends. And Mrs. Bender was my wife’s best friend, one of her best friends.

One of our interesting happenings was the time of the flood of 1950. That was really something! And water came in that basement of the old *Gazette* building there back of the city hall. It was boiling up through the floor like a fountain. And they had no drainage in there at all. And, of course, the press was getting wet. Fortunately, we had a good crew there that dried the thing out the best they could, and we drained off all the water we could. And then, anticipating something further, we put in a complete drainage system in the basement of that old *Gazette* building and put in a big pump that would take care of all the water that came into the basement, that rained into it, sunk under the press, and this was an automatic system that would pump the water right out of there instantly. We put in an auxiliary power plant to supply power if the power went off. That was the value of being adequately financed. It wasn't any pain at all to be able to put in— cost us about \$25,000 to put in that thing. And there was no pain at all. Here we had the money to do it and did it. And it worked for the next flood that came. We never had an ounce of water in that basement, the next flood that came. Remember when that was? '57 or '56. It was five or six years later. But the '50 was the bad one. Oh, that was a son of a gun!

The *Journal* was kind of passed around from here to there. Finally, Speidel Newspapers came in here and bought the *Gazette*, and that was a surprise to everybody. Nobody ever thought that Graham Sanford would ever [sell]. In the meantime, Graham Sanford's brother, Leigh Sanford, a very fine gentleman and a good businessman, had come in here and came into partnership with his brother in the *Gazette*. And the Speidel people from Iowa City, Iowa, they were expanding, and they came in here, and Graham was getting along in years, and he felt like he'd like to retire, and

they offered to buy the *Gazette*, and so he sold. And that was a very surprising thing. It was to me; I didn't know anything about it.

So my wife and I were going on vacation. And he says, "You'd better not stay more than a week."

And I said, "Why?"

"Well," he says, "the paper's going to be sold, and, you know, I don't know whether you'll have a job or not. You'd better get back here." So we got back in a week and got back there and met the new owners.

And in the meantime, they'd also bought the *Journal*. So, Harry Bunker, the new general manager of the Speidel people, he asked me to go over and be the manager of the *Journal* across the street. And I was tickled to death. I went over there, and that was the finest association I've ever had in my life.

Purchase of the *Reno Evening Gazette* and the *Nevada State Journal* by the Speidel Newspapers, Incorporated, in the fall of 1949 was a distinct transition for the better in the newspaper field in Reno, changed it entirely.

The Speidel Newspapers, expanding their group of newspapers across the continent, purchased the two Reno newspapers in— let's see—in October and November, 1949, and it was a great event, as far as I'm personally concerned. Because I was immediately graduated from a city editor on the *Gazette* to the editor and manager of the *Journal*, which was a great step for me. At the same time, I met Harry Bunker, which was also a wonderful thing. Mr. Bunker, Harry Bunker, was the general manager of the Speidel Newspapers, which was organized by Merrett Speidel and adequately financed by John Ben Snow, who was a former Woolworth executive and a millionaire. And he provided Speidel with all the money he needed to expand his newspaper empire from coast to coast. That was Speidel's ambition. He started back in



New York, and he and Mr. Snow became very good friends when they were youngsters back in Port Jervis, New York. And that friendship continued on 'til Speidel's death. I don't remember what year that was—a few years ago.

Contrary to general belief, the Speidel newspapers were not operated as a chain. Each newspaper stood on its own feet. But they had adequate financing if they needed it, and they were independent entities.

When Mr. Bunker employed me as the manager and editor of the *Journal*, the only thing he said was, "Get out a clean newspaper."

"Politically," I said, "what's the policy in this thing? Any general editorial policy?"

He says, "No," he says, "that's up to you. But," he says, "as far as politics is concerned, you do your own." He said, "I'm a Republican; I know you're a Democrat. But that don't make any difference. You go ahead and run the thing to suit yourself to what you think's the best interest of the public." That's the general feeling through the whole Speidel organization. Not many people believe that, but it's true.

And the only thing that the newspapers bought in common— it wasn't a chain operation because the only thing they bought in common was business management know-how. At that particular time, they had a general office with a Speidel—SNI for short—in Speidel Newspapers in Colorado Springs where they maintained bookkeeping records for everybody. That is, they analyzed them and turned out a newspaper management service there that was a honey. Anyone who couldn't run a newspaper and make money with it when he'd get that service didn't know what he was— shouldn't be in the business.

And as things moved on, why, when SNI bought the papers here, they sent Graham Dean from Salinas, where they

owned a newspaper, up here to be the publisher of the *Gazette* and the general manager of the *Gazette*. Graham was a very fine newspaperman, and he now owns and operates a newspaper at Porterville, California and also owns a couple more papers in New Mexico. He remained here for many years, and he ran the *Gazette* and I ran the *Journal*.

The rivalry between the two newspapers was just intense, more intense than it'd ever been before when they were owned by different people. We maintained our own news room. The *Journal* had the United Press International news service, and the *Gazette* filled an old-time Associated Press membership. The rivalry was really intense, and it was worthwhile. It gave Reno two good newspapers. And they maintained separate advertising departments and separate circulation departments. An advertising manager named Lyle Harper was brought here from Salinas by Mr. Dean and put in charge of the *Gazette's* advertising department. A little later on, Russell Allbaugh, who had been associated with the Cheyenne newspapers, came to Reno to become the advertising manager of the *Journal*. And he was a dandy. He's now the publisher of the *Wyoming Boomerang* at Laramie, Wyoming. And there was a constant fight between the two newspapers for advertising lineage. It was clean-cut fight, but it was real, real intense. And they did everything they could to get advertising.

And the news rooms were particularly rivals. They did everything they could to scoop the other guy. They didn't care how they did it, but they did it. And we had a very fine staff on the *Journal*. There was Frank Sullivan when I took over as the manager of the *Journal*; it had been operated by a fellow [by] the name of McHenry Tichenor, who came here to Reno from Texas and bought the *Journal* and held it for a little while.

And he sold it to ex-newspaper publisher from Wyoming named Alfred Hill. And Tichenor brought in some men here to the *Journal* and he kept a lot of the fellows that were on there. They were mostly University journalism graduates. Frank Sullivan was the editor; Johnny Brackett was the top reporter; Ty Cobb, sports editor; and Clarence Colbert was the circulation manager. Clarence had come here from Brownsville, Texas with Tichenor. And he was a fine circulation manager and remained with the Speidel newspapers 'til he retired a few years ago. I enjoyed my association with the *Journal*, and we produced a good newspaper, thanks to Brackett and Sullivan and Ty Cobb and a fellow, an old-timer named Lyman Clark, who had owned and operated the *Virginia City Chronicle* at one time. He came over from the *Gazette* to work for me as a reporter on the *Journal*. And my wife, Leola McDonald, was the society editor for years. She had been on the *Gazette*, and when I moved over to the *Journal*, she came over there. And she was a dandy.

Alice Melarkey was the society editor of the *Gazette* for years, and [also] on the *Gazette* was John Sanford and Joe Jackson, those two. And Graham Dean was a very fine operator, very competent man, and a very fine citizen. It was a pleasure to work with him, and I learned lots.

But the greatest thing I got out of it all was my association with Harry Bunker and the friendship because he was a grand person. He was a graduate of the University of Iowa, a journalism graduate. And he was the one that put the Speidel Newspaper group together for Mr. Speidel for years and kept it together, and he was the general manager of it all. When he retired, he was succeeded by Chick Stout, Charles Stout, Charles A. Stout, who retired a few years ago.

When Graham Dean left Reno, resigned here as the publisher of the *Gazette* and bought a paper up in Oregon—what's the name of that little town?—Ashland, Oregon, then I was made the publisher of the *Gazette* and the publisher and the editor of the *Journal* and remained there 'til I retired in 1957.

But I've always felt that the two Reno newspapers, operated the way they were, as separate entities, even if they were owned by the same people, provided Reno with clean papers because there was nothing, they had no ulterior motive of any kind, no political ambitions to satisfy, or nothing of that kind. The whole admonition was to get out a clean newspaper, a newspaper for the home. Make 'em pay, but that was it. And that was the philosophy we worked on.

My association with them was wonderful. That was the highlight of my whole life, my forty-two years of newspaper work. That was the greatest event of them all, when I was made publisher of the two Reno newspapers and the editor of the *Journal*. And, of course, it meant a tremendous increase in my income because the Speidel people decided—Mr. Snow, I heard him say once at a meeting, "What are we doing with all of these papers? We don't need the money we're making. Let's divide it up among the fellows that are making it." So they did. They set up what they called a retirement income program and permitted you to buy stock in the newspaper, share in all the profits.

And we operated on an entirely different basis. You got no salary at all. You just got a drawing account, drawing account based on a percentage. And another thing—one of the interesting things—I asked Mr. Bunker when I took the job, I said, "Harry, what would I do for an expense account, personal expense account in here?"

He says, "We don't have any. If you spend any money for the benefit of the newspaper,

you go first class and turn in a voucher for it. But,” he says, “expense accounts as such are just a means to chisel. So,” he says, “you usually just go and [write a voucher]. That’s the way we operate. You spend what you spend when you spend, and spend right. Go first class, always.” And believe me, we always did.

Did the local papers try to create an image, or did they try to control the outgoing news? No, they didn’t try to control it. The wire services eventually sent in their own men in here, opened up their own bureaus. The United Press and the Associated Press had their own bureaus and they sent in some pretty good men. United Press sent in one fellow here [by] the name of Robert Bennyhoff, who was one of the best newspaper reporters I’ve ever known. And he handled the United Press wire here and wrote for us, too. He was a reporter for the *Journal*. That was when I was over on the *Journal*. And he worked there, and he covered the legislature for the *Journal*, and he was good. And he afterwards went to the—right now, he’s in Los Angeles with United Press International.

And the Associated Press bureau was in charge of a newspaper reporter who was a native of Sparks and who was graduated from the University. His name’s Carol Cross, a very good man, too. He’s now down in Vallejo. He’s managing editor of the Vallejo newspaper at this time.

Bennyhoff is in Los Angeles with the UPI bureau in Los Angeles. He was one of the reporters who was sent by the UPI to the South Pacific where they tried out the first atomic blast down there. And he was one of those who was sent to Las Vegas when they set off the big blast. That shows the caliber of a reporter he was. So we had some good reporters.

Johnny Brackett was as good a reporter as there ever was around here, and Ty Cobb.

John Sanford was a good reporter when he worked for me on the *Gazette*. Joe Jackson was a good reporter, at least I thought so. We got a lot of satisfaction out of Al Higginbotham at the University. He was a great help to all of us.

Do I have any favorite Bennyhoff stories? [Laughing] He was a crazy guy! Well, one of the most—here, at one time, there was quite a political controversy on to see who the Republicans were going to nominate for United States Senator. And the Republican state central committee was having a meeting up in the second floor of the Riverside Hotel. A fellow [by] the name of [Tom] Smith from Ely was the state chairman. And they were close-mouthed about it. They weren’t going to let anybody know what was going on. And Bennyhoff was bound and determined he was going to find out. So what did he do but climb up the side of the Riverside Hotel and park on the windowsill and listen to the whole thing and come out and reported everything that had happened in the Republican meeting. And Mr. Smith was about to go—he was goin’ to shoot *somebody*. He thought he was. He was pretty mad about it. He was a crippled fellow with a hunch back, kind of. Awfully nice fellow.

It might be useful for me to talk a little more about John Sanford and what kinds of attitudes he had? Well, I don’t want to do that. I don’t want to do that.

Would I like to discuss Al Higginbotham’s contributions? It might be worth discussing in a little more detail. Well, Al was a dedicated journalist—journalism professor. He was dedicated to his job. And he was pretty smart. He knew what he was doing and he kept these young fellows that were interested in journalism, he kept their interest by providing different things, and he was so helpful to the newspaper people. And he was the secretary for so many years of the state

Press Association, of which I was at one time the president. He kept that Press Association alive, Al did, for a long time, just by working at it. And he was smart. He knew what he was doing, and he was such a fine man. I loved to work with him, and we all did.

What about some of the competing newspapers, the newspapers that thought they were going to compete with the *Gazette* and *Journal* during the years that I was there? There were quite a number. Here are some of them: The *Reno Independent* that Mr. W. K. Bixler was running; the *Mining Press*, by Mr. Ritchie; *Nevada Independent* that Doug Tandy had; the *Nevada State Labor News* that Denver Dickerson was on for so many years; the *Reno News* that came along when the 1959 strike was going on; the *Reno Reporter* that Milo Saling had. (I don't know him. I don't remember him at all.) They were just fly-by-night. Most of 'em were just fly-by-night enterprises that were inadequately financed and inadequately managed, even.

The only competent person that was tied up with any of these papers mentioned in there was Denver Dickerson, who after[ward] went to Carson City. And he married a reporter that worked for me on the *Gazette*, Lois. He was working on the *Gazette*, and Lois was working there, too, and so they were married. Then Denver went to Carson City and bought the two newspapers up there, and he was competent. Bixler didn't know what he was doing. Doug Tandy? Oh, he was just an old-timer, worked out in Austin, capitalized on being an old-timer. Doug wasn't a very good newspaperman, I never thought. I didn't think he was at all. I didn't think he understood the business. He was just one of those fellows that liked to be in the limelight. Of course, he was in the legislature. He was a rather colorful sort of a character, but—.

One of the most colorful and real competent newspapermen in the state of Nevada at that time, outside of Graham Sanford, who had retired when Speidel came in, was Bill Booth, who operated the *Tonopah Bonanza*. Booth was one of the old-timers, and he was a pretty competent newspaperman. And his son, Kenneth Booth, came here and was the city editor of the *Nevada State Journal* way back when I first broke in as a cub reporter on the *Journal*. And Kenneth was a good newspaperman, I thought.

There were really some good newspapermen developed in this state. There were several of 'em from the University who came and worked on the two Reno newspapers—you know, when they were going to school up there, did their laboratory work on the two Reno newspapers—their intern work—like Chris Sheerin, who went out to Elko, and there was the Cahlan brothers who went to Las Vegas. Let's see, there were others that worked on the two papers while they were going to school. Was it Johnny Cahlan and Al Cahlan in Las Vegas? And Chris Sheerin—to me, he was one of the finest men that I ever knew. He was not only a competent newspaperman, but he was a wonderful, fine citizen. He was afterwards a regent of the University. So was Johnny Cahlan; that was a mistake. I don't feel the same way about the Cahlans' operation as I do about Chris Sheerin? No, absolutely not. Why? Well, they were sharpshooters; Chris wasn't. Of course, both Johnny and Al worked for me on the *Journal* there for a while. And Johnny worked for a while, longer than [Al]. Al just [was] passing through, practically. But Chris worked there.

And two other characters that were still in the newspaper business here, Walter Cox from Yerington and Jack McClosky of Hawthorne, they were both lovable characters and pretty

good newspapermen. And we used to enjoy the meetings of the Nevada Press Association because of Cox and McClosky.

And old [C. P.] “Pop” Squires from Las Vegas was a great ol’ guy. I can’t remember how old he was, but when he retired from the newspaper business, he was ancient as the hills. I know we presented him with a makeup rule—I’ve forgotten what year. Maybe it was when I was president of the association. I don’t remember when it was. But it was a great pleasure to give it to him because he was a fine ol’ duck.

Frank Garside, who had the *Las Vegas Review*, who had been in Tonopah and had had the *Tonopah Times* and then moved to Las Vegas in the early days of Las Vegas and established the *Las Vegas Review*, there was one of Nevada’s good newspapermen. He made a real success with his business. Eventually, he sold to Reynolds. Al Cahlan had become one of the owners of this *Las Vegas Review*, and Johnny Cahlan, I think, was a pretty good-sized stockholder in it. When they sold to Reynolds, I hated to see that because Frank Garside was a Nevadan through and through. Of course, Reynolds was not.

That was one thing about the Speidel people. They wanted to keep Nevada people in charge of things here, the idea being that they knew what was going on; they knew the people. That’s how we got along so good, I think.

What do I think the effect has been, of Reynolds’ operation in Nevada? It hasn’t been good, I don’t think. Trying to tie up all these newspapers, these little newspapers all over the state—that’s no good. Do I think he promotes a certain point of view through those newspapers? I don’t know. I haven’t paid much attention to ‘em lately. I think he promotes Reynolds more than anything.

I know he did try to buy the Reno newspapers, and tried his best to buy ‘em. But Mr. Snow, who held the control as far as money was concerned in the thing, he wasn’t selling. And Speidel didn’t want to sell, and nobody else wanted to sell. And they wouldn’t listen to Reynolds. And he started telling around that he had bought the Reno newspapers. He told that to some people, and they came back and told me, and I knew it wasn’t true. He’d offered fabulous prices for them, but they wouldn’t pay any attention to him. They weren’t selling their papers because they wanted to expand their group of papers to—they wanted to get a paper in practically every state in the West. And they’ve done it. I don’t know how many they have now.

Speaking now about some of the other newspapermen around the state—. Well, in Fallon, there was Claude Smith and his wife. Claude Smith was a fine newspaperman and a good citizen. And he and his wife were both killed on the highway there. They’d stopped to help somebody, and somebody else come along and hit both of them and killed the both of them. And Claude had operated the *Fallon Standard* for many, many years. He was a very good citizen, a very good man.

Back in the old days, I didn’t know these people, but the Davises up at Carson City, I knew not too well—knew of Bob Davis, who afterward became one of Munsey’s executives. And then, [Sam] Davis, who was the state controller, had the *Carson City Appeal*, I knew him. He was a strange character. He could write, and he would write poems and all kinds of things, weird stories. I have his histories around here someplace.

Let’s see [if there’s] somebody else I can think of. One of the fellows that came in here in late years was Lucius Beebe, who took over the papers in Virginia City. And he was a character. He was not a newspaperman. He



was a wonderful writer and a promoter. But as far as contributing anything to the good of the state, he never did. He just promoted—just published a very colorful paper up there, Virginia City.

I didn't know Charlie [Russell] too well in Ely 'til he was elected governor. People who knew Charlie in Ely say he was a pretty good newspaperman. And he was a fine fellow. Charlie was a very fine fellow. Always thought the world of him. Even though he was a Republican—I didn't vote for him when he ran for governor, but I did what I could to help him after he became governor. And he and I were always very good friends.

I knew Denver Dickerson's dad way back in the old days. [He] was a newspaperman from Ely, and he was quite a character, too.

Vail [Pittman] was a good newspaperman; he was a good newspaperman and a good citizen. And he had the best interests of the state at heart always.

How about Herman Greenspun? Oh, let's don't talk about him. I get mad. I didn't like Greenspun's attitude about McCarran; that's what I didn't like. I thought Greenspun was way off base on his attacks on McCarran. But I'll say the guy's clever and smart. And he parlayed nothing into a fortune in Las Vegas.

That was one thing I was taught by Mr. [Graham] Sanford at the outset: that a newspaper is a public trust, and don't use it to feather your own nest. "It's a public trust." That was the way he put it, a public trust. You should be honest with the public and honest with yourself, always. And that's the philosophy I tried to operate on and tried to instill in all the people that I worked with.

Would I tell about these various people, how they approached their work? News. They thought the press had a real mission in the world, to convey the news and opinion, and to voice an opinion. And when you voiced an

opinion, that was it. I mean, you were honest in your convictions and so stated 'em. If you had an opinion on a political question, why, so state it, plainly, so that everyone understood where you were.

And the people that I worked with, there was a report current that you could buy stories in the paper and pay money to keep stories out. Well, that wasn't true as far as any work I [did]. I never had, never once in my whole forty-two years as a newspaperman had anybody ever offer me money to keep anything out of the paper or put anything in it. So the editorial opinion on the paper wasn't for sale, never. Sometimes the editorial opinions were wrong; the premise might have been wrong, but they were honest, anyhow.

There was another newspaperman who operated here, a fellow [by] the name of [Edwin C.] Ed Mulcahy from Sparks. And he was a good newspaperman. He was a politician, too, but he could make one of the finest speeches of anybody I ever heard. He presided at many, many conventions, was top-notch at it.

At the outset, why, TV and radio was very real competition to the newspapers in a town like Reno. You could feel the advertisers that used radio in the old days, they weren't going to use newspapers; there was real competition then. So we kind of took a dim view of it at the outset. And now, of course, this advent of TV and the impact it had on the newspapers, I don't know. I've been out of it so long that I really don't know how they feel now about it, what impact it has on it, like there's so many TV stations here fighting for business, and the newspapers.

One of the things that the Reno newspapers did that was advantageous to the public and to the newspaper business, too, was the consolidation of the classified advertising department. The classified advertising was



always a headache for both papers. There were hard bills to collect, and they were hard to take care of and costlier to print. And so I think it was Russ Allbaugh and maybe Dean, and me, maybe—but I think it was Allbaugh and Dean and Harper got their heads together one time and decided it might be a good idea to consolidate, to print the classified advertising in the *Gazette* and figure out the whole works right up and use it in the *Journal*, or vice versa. And that saved an awful lot of money and an awful lot of grief. And a good thing; it was good for the public, too, cut down cost a little bit, I think. So those were some of the shortcuts that we were able to accomplish by operating together.

Of course, our plant there on Center Street got too small. It just got really too small. And the *Journal* was across the street over there in a very inadequate building and subsequently moved from across Center Street over to the *Gazette* office. And Western Union occupied a part of it, and Reno Print[ing]. Finally, we consolidated and moved over there and gave up the old *Journal* office and the old *Journal* building entirely across the street from the *Gazette* building. And that made it a lot better for us. And we had to do a lot of scheming around in those days when our building, the *Gazette* building, really got very small.

There was another happy thing that here, through Speidel Newspapers, the Reno newspapers were able to finance the construction of that splendid building there on Stevenson Street. That would've been impossible for us to do back in the old days. But I know when the *Gazette* building was built by a fellow [by] the name of Oscar Morgan way back about 1906 or '07, why, he went out and sold bonds to finance this building. And when the Sanford brothers bought the *Gazette* and bought the Gazette Building Corporation, they had to pick up

some of those bonds. And Oscar Morgan had been long gone. He went to Oakland and lived there and worked on the *Oakland Tribune* for years.

Well, I wish I could give you something else that—I just—I'm afraid to get into too many trivialities. I want it to be some continuity in the thing and then some history of the thing and some continuity in it that'll make it interesting.

[As] a matter of fact, the *Journal* had the first radio station in Reno way back when a fellow came in here from somewhere. And Emmet Boyle owned the *Journal* then, and I was the manager. Emmet was very much interested in such things. This fellow came in and he'd come from the East someplace. He was a nice fellow and knew what he—he was a radio engineer, Jim Kirk, and he talked to Boyle and me about it (to Boyle more than me because I wasn't very much interested in it), and he wanted to establish a little radio station here.

So Boyle and Frank Broili, of the Nevada Machinery and Electric Company were very close friends. And Broili was interested, and Broili agreed to furnish the materials for a radio station. And this fellow would build it, and Boyle would provide a place to locate this thing.

And so they got a place for a studio up in the top of the old Majestic Theater, clear up in the top. And the fellow established a little studio in there and set up a little radio station. It didn't have much power, but there was sufficient power. All they did was played a few records there. And I know there'd be some fellows around here who, in the early days of radio, had some radios, and they used to get programs from San Francisco. And they used to come over to me and complain and say that this radio station of ours interfered with their reception from San Francisco.

Well, we operated that for a little while. There was no money in it, so they couldn't sell any advertising. Nobody was interested. It was along about 19—let me see—'22, or '23, in there, I think. I'll just give you a good, long guess at that.

And so finally, Kirk went away. And he left us high and dry without an—nobody around here knew how to run it, knew anything about it. But he left because there was no money in it for him or no future. But he wasn't from around here. He came from the Bay area.

Well, that was the first radio station. That eventually became KOH. The *Sacramento Bee* came in. And we used to— [when we] started out, we used to print their programs. Reluctantly. We'd print their radio programs reluctantly, and then when the TV came in, why, we started printing those programs. We were very reluctant to print 'em because we thought it was competition, but finally decided it was news and we'd have to do it because it was newsworthy. People expected it, which was true.

So they went along. Now, they publish their radio logs. Our chief trouble in those days, with TV and radio both, was to get 'em to send in their programs, get their programs up to date. They'd send in the wrong program, and there'd be errors in the thing, and people would call up and give us fits for publishing the wrong thing. But after a while, they worked it out and got to be pretty friendly.

And then, one time, Mr. Snow was very much interested in FM and decided that—there was one little newspaper back in the East someplace had a radio station and operated it in conjunction with the newspaper. But we didn't have any here after that. That was after the Speidel people came in. And Snow was interested in an FM station. So he came in and he wanted us to establish an FM station

here. So Graham Dean and I went up on top of Mt. Davidson in Virginia City looking for a transmitter site and finally picked this one up on top of Peavine, brought engineers in here to put in an adequate transmitter station, and then took the fourth floor of the *Gazette* building and revamped the thing and reinforced it and everything, and put in studios up there. And they had to be absolutely soundproof. And there was—spent a lot of money putting those studios in on the fourth floor of the *Gazette* building. They were beautiful! And then this building up on top of Peavine, you can see it right to this day. That thing cost \$100,000 because they had to pack everything up there. Walker Boudwin Construction Company built it, carried everything up there. And that's a beautiful house. It really is.

We maintained that for a while there, but the TV came in and kind of shoved FM out of the picture. I kind of lost interest in it. I never was particularly interested in it myself, but Mr. Dean was. We had that place, and [it] was rather interesting. We wanted to sell that building, and the telephone company was interested in buying it. And, of course, we had no—. So I asked Harry Bunker one time, I said, "What should we—what'll we take for this building?"

He said, "Take anything you can get."

And so the purchasing agent from Sacramento for the telephone company came here, and he come up in the office, my office there in the *Gazette* building (that was after Dean had gone and we'd closed down the radio station—or, the FM station), and he walked in there with a great, big briefcase full of stuff to negotiate the purchase of this thing. Finally I said to him, I said, "How much will you give us for this place up there?"

He said, "I'll give you \$10,000."

I said, "It's sold."

He never even opened his briefcase. We sold it that fast [snaps fingers]. So that's what they paid for that building up on top of the hill. And I've forgotten how much land goes with it. The land belonged to the Landa brothers.

We had to get water up there, and there was a spring way down the road from there. We didn't know how much water was available, and so I got [my] old friend, [Vincent P.] Gianella, to go up and look it over. He was a geologist. [He] figured there was a potential spring there that was enough to warrant putting in a pump to pump water up to that house. And he decided there was, so we put in a pump. That's where the water comes from down there, quite a ways down the road as it leads up to that place. And I guess it still comes from there.

And we had a fellow up there operating that station one time. It was a complete housing unit. He had his wife up there. And there was one year when there was an awful snow, and he couldn't get any—had to drop food in to them by the helicopter, to get in there. And then he gave up. See, we couldn't hire anybody else to go up there with no reason. So that's when we sold.

We were glad to sell out to the telephone company, and they still use that microwave up there, don't they? My wife and I drove up there a couple of times, just to look the place over. And then the Forest Service used that as a lookout for a while. They had their thing there, you know, to spot fires.

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## RELATIONSHIPS WITH SENATOR PATRICK MCCARRAN

I got to know Pat McCarran on account of being a reporter and he was an attorney. When I was a reporter on the *Gazette*, I happened to be—that was the time when Mary Pickford came out here and got a divorce. And Pat McCarran was her attorney. So I covered that case right from the beginning to the end. And Pat helped me a lot in lining the thing up. I was covering for the *Gazette*, the Associated Press here at the time, and for the New York papers, the *New York American*. I think the Associated Press had their own bureau in here then. Carol Cross was representing the Associated Press. McCarran kept me informed on every step of the way on that thing. And when the decree was granted, why, I got ahold of Judge Langan's daughter, who was the court reporter, and paid her twenty dollars for a transcript—it was held behind closed doors up at Minden. [I] gave her twenty dollars for a transcript of the whole thing, and she gave it to me. And I sold that to the *American Weekly*. I think I made a hundred bucks on that deal, which was not hay in those days, believe me, because I needed the money.

Attorney General Leonard B. Fowler was a very meticulous constitutional lawyer, and he thought that the law that permitted service of summons by the court that had jurisdiction over the area wasn't constitutional. That's how Owen Moore and Mary Pickford were divorced. Judge Langan's court had jurisdiction, and he ordered the summons. Fowler contended that was all wrong. McCarran had to fight that, even in the supreme court. It took a whole year to get that straightened out. McCarran finally won it. There was no collusion at all. Moore just happened to come into Douglas County on a hunting trip or something, and they served the summons. The case has been used ever since as a basis for writing amendments to Nevada's divorce law in the legislature.

Mary Pickford lived there on Court Street in the old Gibbons house all during the time the case was being argued in the supreme court. She didn't make herself very conspicuous around Reno, although she did go downtown to shop occasionally. There has always been a report current that Mary

Pickford gave that Gibbons house on the corner of Court and Arlington to McCarran. McCarran told me himself it wasn't true, that he bought the house himself.

McCarran, in my opinion, was the most effective Senator Nevada's ever had in all the years that I've been here. He was effective because he was dynamic and had all the courage in the world. He was courageous and rapacious; you might as well put it that way. If he wanted something, why—when he was chairman of those committees back in Washington, if he wanted something, he didn't pull any punches.

I was sitting in his office one day in Washington and there was something came up out here about the Indian Service. I've forgotten what it was. McCarran wanted some money sent out here to take care of some Indian problem; I don't know what it was. And he called up to get ahold of the secretary of the head of the Indian bureau, and some guy tried to give him a brush-off. And finally, he says, "Now, listen. I want to talk to this fellow, and I want it now!" And he said, "This is Senator McCarran, and I'm not fooling! I want to talk to him right now!"

And so the guy put him on the phone and got ahold of whoever he—the boss, and McCarran told him what he wanted. And the fellow evidently stalled, or something.

Finally, I heard McCarran say, "Now, lookit! I'm the chairman of that subcommittee that handles your dough. And if you don't do this, why, you're going to be out of luck when you want to get some more money." And I heard him say that. And that's the way he operated. He didn't brook any interference. He'd rather fight. McCarran'd rather be in a fight— in a political fight than do anything. He just loved doing it.

He was a William Jennings Bryan orator and a wonderful, wonderful speaker, one of

the best you could ever hear. You just loved to listen to him because he was an orator. It was beautiful, the way he talked! And yet, he could take any subject, no matter what it was, and paint rosy pictures. It just made you feel good to listen to him. So maybe in the course of the whole thing, he never said anything very important, but it was well worth listening to. And people would go a long ways just to hear him talk, on politics or anything else.

And he was very, very demanding in his loyalty of the people that were with him. He demanded their loyalty, and he got it. If they weren't loyal to him, boy, their heads came off quick!

Of course, I got to be friends with him because I was a reporter and he was a good defense lawyer. He defended lots of criminals. He was always good for a story. So I used to go to his office to get stories about this, that, and the other thing, and got to know him real well. Even though I was a Democrat working for the Republican paper, I got to be his confidant. He'd been a supreme court justice, and that was the proudest thing that he ever [had] happen to him. He thought more of that than anything. But he got an idea that he wanted to be United States Senator, and he was a judge. And when he wanted to announce his candidacy, he got [Edward A.] Ed Ducker from Winnemucca, who was the district judge, to run for supreme court judge, and then McCarran decided to return and run for supreme court again instead of running for United States Senator. So Ducker beat him that year, just on account of McCarran changing his mind. It took a long time for McCarran to get over that.

Then, I remember I asked him one day, I says, "Lookit, Pat. Are you going to run for United States Senator again?"

And he said, "Does anybody ever lose that ambition?"

And I said, "I don't think so."

He says, "I haven't." He says, "I'm going to be a candidate again. I don't know just when: whenever the time is right."

So I could use that in my political column and kind of pave the way for him to announce again, which I did. I did it. I used to do it because I liked him.

Then he ran for the Democratic nomination for Senator [1926]. And Ray Baker, who had been Director of the Mint and who had been a political henchman of Key Pittman and had been quite a—he'd been quite an active person in Nevada. And Ray was well financed—he had plenty of dough, came from the— what was the name of that outfit down in San Francisco? It was Ghirardelli. McCarran had made some enemies in the Democratic party in different ways, and so when it came along to the campaign, why, Baker beat him for the nomination, which was an awful blow to McCarran. He beat McCarran. Then Oddie beat Baker.

And then the *Gazette* supported Oddie. So McCarran was quite upset because Baker beat him. Well, we all were, as far as that goes. Because we knew that Baker was pretty much of a playboy. He was a good fellow, but he was pretty much of a playboy, good-looking son of a gun. He had been Director of the Mint, and he was Key Pittman's friend. I knew him down in Goldfield in the old days when I was a kid. But the *Gazette* (I think that's the year that I was talking about when Oddie came in [1926]) offered Sanford the money and he wouldn't take it. And that's when I went up to see McCarran afterwards and asked him if he was going to run again. And that's when he told me, he said, "You never—that ambition never dies." He says, "I sure am, sometime."

So it came along to another campaign—that was some years later—and the Depression was starting. Oddie was running for reelection

[in 1932], and the banks were folding all over the country, and everything. And let's see, just a week before the election, it was announced that the banks were going to close here, and McCarran was running against Oddie, and they were having a red hot campaign. And, of course, they were blaming the Republicans for the Depression and all that, blaming poor ol' Hoover, and everything, and so McCarran and Oddie made the most of that. But when those banks folded right within a week of the election, why, that sunk Oddie.

I remember meeting Senator Oddie on the steps of the old post office there. It was there where the Mapes Hotel is now. He had an office up there, and I met him on the steps the day before election. And I said, "Tasker, how's it look?"

He says, "It looks tough." He says, "I don't think I can make it. Those banks folding that way just ruined my chances, if I had any." And he was right because McCarran beat the dickens out of him.

He was Wingfield's candidate? Oh, yes. He was a Republican candidate. Wingfield was the national committeeman and opposing McCarran.

So Pat went on from there and went back to the United States Senate, and he remained there for—they couldn't beat him, anyhow. He set up real organization in Nevada, and believe me, he had 'em scattered from one end of the state to the other. He had people working for him, not on his payroll, but just friends who he took care of when they needed him.

And in the course of that, there was an attorney here named [William S.] Bill Boyle, who had been the district attorney of Storey County, a lawyer, and he had Reno offices, and he was quite an active Democrat and was one of Jim Farley's very close friends.

Well, in those days, the job of United States Attorney was a real hot one for everybody. Of



course, the Democrats won, and there was a vacancy there to replace a Republican as United States Attorney. McCarran and Senator Pittman couldn't get together on a candidate for it, and so Jim Farley took it over and nominated Boyle, who was Farley's good friend.

McCarran opposed Boyle's confirmation. And I never could understand why, because I was for Boyle all the time. And I wrote to McCarran a lot of times and suggested that he withdraw his opposition to Boyle and let him go on through. But Pat thought that was the prerogative of his, to appoint the United States Attorney, and he wanted to go through with it. He wanted it. And so he opposed Boyle, and Boyle couldn't be confirmed.

And so, in the meantime, why, Pittman and McCarran couldn't get together on a candidate. So, in the meantime, why, Pittman suggested a fellow from Pioche, a state senator from Pioche, and McCarran opposed him. And finally, McCarran and Pittman got together on the recommendation for Judge Carville of Elko to take the job. And that was the steppingstone for Carville to the United States Senate eventually.

Dick Kirman, in the meantime, had been elected governor of Nevada. That was one of the times when Graham Sanford forgot his Republicanism and went out to elect a Democrat, Dick Kirman. Dick was practically drafted to run for the job because Sanford was kind of disgusted with the Republican administration of Fred Balzar and Morley Griswold. And so some of us went out and practically drafted Dick Kirman to run for governor, [a] Democrat. And so he finally did. And so the *Gazette* supported Kirman, which was something unprecedented—for the *Gazette* to be supporting a Democrat. And Kirman was elected.

In the meantime, Judge Carville was United States Attorney, and about that time,

the McKay-Graham bunco deals developed. And there was a great pressure brought to bear by friends of McKay and Graham to get New York to drop the charges against 'em. Of course, Carville was the United States Attorney, and he had nothing to do with the case at all. He was here, but his influence would be felt greatly. So he tried to bring pressure onto Carville, and Carville said, "No!" And he refused to intercede in any way, shape, or form. And it became known, I know, because I wrote the story. That just put him on the springboard. So when Kirman decided not to run for reelection for governor, why, Carville announced his candidacy, and heck, Carville was in, just on the strength of that decision he made, I think. And the *Gazette* was very happy about the whole thing. And Kirman made a good governor, *very* conservative. He made a real good governor.

Then after Carville was elected governor, why, he and McCarran couldn't see eye to eye on a lot of appointments. He just couldn't get them together. Even their secretaries were fighting about this, that, and the other thing.

In the meantime, Pittman died. Carville made a big mistake when he appointed Berkeley Bunker as United States Senator. Berkeley'd been a member of the assembly from Clark County and had been elected speaker of the assembly. And during the session of the legislature, he'd done some favors for Carville. So when he was looking around for somebody for United States Senator—and he wanted to get somebody from down south—he appointed Bunker. That was a real honest-to-goodness mistake. He realized it later on because Bunker had no gratitude because he ran against [Carville]. That's how Molly Malone got elected to the United States Senate. Molly Malone ran against Bunker on account of Bunker double-crossing Carville. And I know we all

worked—I did—worked for Molly Malone, and he was elected. He beat Bunker. I was very happy about that.

McCarran went on, and he became one of the most powerful men in the United States Senate because of his forcefulness, his willingness to fight. He'd get in and—he believed in something, he'd get in and fight for anything. McCarran was quite a character. He had the courage of his convictions. When he was convinced that something was right, he went through, no matter what. You take on that fight against Roosevelt's Supreme Court "packing" program, as they called it, McCarran was against it, and he did everything in his power to [fight it], despite the greatest pressure from the White House in there. But he just kept right on going, and he was one of those who was responsible for stopping that. And some of the things he wrote on that thing were—I think they are part of the archives of some place because he was very meticulous as far as the law was concerned. That was his great love, was the law.

I was always able to get through Eva Adams and through to McCarran's office in Washington. I could get news that nobody else could get. I'd just phone back there and tell 'em what I wanted to ask 'em, and boy, either Eva would come through, or he would. And so my association with them became great. And Eva and I were very good friends, and still are. She's a damned able woman.

Young Joe went to work in McCarran's office at one time. And he used to tell a story about Eva, said that they'd bring in—said somebody'd write into McCarran's office, want some information of some kind. And she'd pass these letters of request out to different members of the staff and say, "Now, I want an answer right now." When the day was over, she'd ask each one who she'd given a letter

to to answer if they got the information and answered it.

They'd say, "No, we aren't able to get that information yet, Miss Adams."

"You answer that letter anyhow. You tell them you're working on it."

And no letter could stay in that office more than one day until it had been answered some way or another.

[Laughing] Eva used to get Joe's goat, he and Denver Dickerson. They were both working in there. [Laughing] So they were away one time, and they told this story. He says he and Denver were gone someplace, and so they just sent a telegram to Eva, and said, "Please ignore our other telegram." And they'd never sent any [laughing]. They said she spent all day looking for that telegram [laughing].

When McCarran came out here to speak in the Democratic campaign at Hawthorne, he just [snaps fingers] dropped dead. He'd been in ill health quite a while. I remember when he passed away, Eva called me, came over to the office. She said, "He's gone." And we sure missed him.

I mentioned the splendid organization that Pat McCarran had all over the state. Through patronage—any way he could, he reached out and he'd have key people in each county to look after things. And when it came along to a political campaign and it was necessary to elect a state chairman—when Pat wanted somebody for state chairman, he got him. They'd just go to work for him. Getting the key people in every county and every precinct in the state that he could get ahold of, doing something for them or—. And when he wanted something, they'd come through, like his control of the state convention.

One time, they had a state convention in Las Vegas [1932]. I went down there as a reporter, and Pat wanted the endorsement at that time for election to the United States

Senate, and he wanted the convention to endorse him. But they don't—conventions used to shy away from endorsing a candidate before the primary. And I know that at that particular convention, Bob Douglass, afterwards Internal Revenue Collector, from Fallon, was quite a power in Fallon. I know Douglass wanted this job as Internal Revenue Collector, and Pat promised him at that time that if he was elected United States Senator that Douglass would get the job, and he did. Of course, in making the appointment, Pat made the deal to let Pat name every employee of the Internal Revenue Department—ol' Pat Mooney and three or four others. And that was the way Pat worked. And so Douglass was appointed to that job, and Pat had the whole crew of the Internal Revenue Service right in his hand.

Douglass was crude—he was a pretty crude operator. They didn't trust him very well.

At another Democratic convention in Tonopah (I know; I was a delegate to it), I was all for Archie Grant to be state chairman. And McCarran wanted Jimmy Johnson [Jr.] of Fallon to be state chairman. But in the final analysis, I went along with McCarran and Jimmy Johnson because Jimmy was a friend of mine anyhow. Archie's a fine man. He's a regent now. And he was a state senator; he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor. He and McCarran became very good friends afterwards. And he was a supporter of McCarran in the final analysis, and they were good friends from then on.

Pat, if he was your friend, he was your friend, believe me! And if he was your enemy, he was your enemy! And he made no bones about it. They used to say that Pat'd rather fight than eat. He was just a fighting Irishman.

Who were the members of the organization? Oh, let's see if I can name them

all. Well, Dutch Horton in White Pine County was one. And let's see, the fellow in Lincoln County, I can't think of his name. He was a state senator at one time. A. L. Scott. Yeh, that's the fellow I was thinking of. A. L. Scott. And then there was an old newspaperman down in Pioche that run the *Pioche Record*, [Nores]. He was a funny old duck. But he was quite a politician, and he was on McCarran's team.

And there were a lot of 'em in Washoe County. There was some opposition to them, too, but they generally controlled it. Alan Bible was another very close friend and supporter of McCarran. When he was graduated from law school back in—see, Alan went back to Washington as one of McCarran's boys, and Alan ran an elevator back there in the capitol building to go to law school, and then worked out of McCarran's office. And then he came back to Reno after he was admitted to the Bar and went into McCarran's office in Reno, and then he went up to Virginia City as the district attorney of Storey County. So he became McCarran's representative in Storey County. And subsequently, when he came down and was in the law office here, a fellow [by] the name of Gray Mashburn, afterwards attorney general, was in McCarran's office, too. And they constituted most of the representation around here.

And then in Carson City, why, there was Bible, and down in Sparks, there was Ed Mulcahy and a couple of fellows down there yet. A fellow down there now, I saw his name in the paper the other day, Tex Covington. And Sarah George was another one that was a very ardent politician and a very active woman in Sparks, and she had oodles of friends. And Miss Harriet Spann was another one here in Reno. (I guess Harriet passed away down in Las Vegas not so long ago.) And Mrs. Bessie Eichelberger was another one.

And he got them in from all walks of life, McCarran did! He'd take them from here, there, and everywhere—miners and professional men and any clergymen; he'd get clergymen. His Senate office in Washington was the clearing house for information for everybody. And you'd get quick service out of there. If they needed anything in Washington, all they had to do was write a letter to McCarran's office or wire to them, and you got your answer right now. I could give some great examples of the efficiency of that office, how he operated it.

There was a young fellow who worked in the newspaper, in the circulation department of the newspaper. He was in the Marine Corps, Marine Corps flier. And he was over[seas] someplace, and a Japanese bomb hit his plane and washed out everything he had. He didn't even know what his serial number was. After the war was over and he was discharged, he came back here. And, of course, he had some service-connected payments due him, but he had to qualify. He had to get his serial number and everything. But he didn't have it, and he didn't know how to get it. So he wrote to the War Department and to everybody back there, and they couldn't get any answer. So he told me about it one day, and I says, "I'll get that answer for you in fifteen minutes." So I just took a piece of copy paper and wrote a note to Eva and told her what his name was and what he wanted. The next day, I got a telegram back giving his serial number and everything about him. So he got his [information]. You think he wasn't McCarran's friend from then on?

Had another instance there of a boy [by] the name of [Joseph] Hazlett [who] was drafted, and he was from a family here in Reno. He was drafted and he was sent overseas immediately, almost. He hadn't been over there very long before his folks got a wire

that he was missing in action. And they were just—they wanted to get the details, and they couldn't find out anything. They tried the Army and they tried everyplace to get some dope. So my wife told me about it one day. I said, "Leola, we can get that information." So I just took a piece of copy paper and sent a note to Eva and airmailed it to her, and three days later, I got not only the information they wanted, but the number and location of his grave. He'd been killed. And that's the way McCarran built his organization, believe me.

Is the story about his trying to use General Franco to help get Joe, Jr. out of the prison camp true? I never heard that he did, but I wouldn't be surprised that he tried it.

Oh, he worked for the State Department, the United Press, but the Japs just said, "We're not releasing any war correspondent, no matter who." And I know Cordell Hull was the Secretary of State, and he had quite a correspondence on the thing. But he couldn't get anyplace. McCarran couldn't get anyplace, either, but he found out where he was. That was something. But we didn't know where he was. So, for a long time, we didn't know whether he was—it was a whole month there, we thought he was dead. And it was through McCarran's office and the United Press that we found out he was alive. Where he was, he was in prison in Shanghai.

I thought of some more of McCarran's organization. What he had was a key man in every county and darn near every community, like I can name some. In Battle Mountain, for instance, our old friend (let's see; I'll think of his name), Dan Shovelin; over in Elko, Jack Robbins; and maybe I told you Dutch Horton; and in Hawthorne, Farrell SeEVERS. In Tonopah, there were several down in Tonopah. In Wells was—let's see. There's one from Wells, John Di Grazia. He was Pat's pal out there. There was a woman in Las Vegas

[by] the name of O'Reilly. What was her first name? She's an old-timer in Las Vegas. Then he had somebody in Beatty, the Reverts. And he had 'em— he had friends—supporters and workers—spotted everywhere, and they all became that way because he'd done favors for them along through the years, and they liked him and liked his style.

One of the things that he did do that was of great benefit to them was bring in all these Nevada boys back to Washington and giving them jobs back there so they could go to school. There's so many of those, like Bible and Corey up at Carson. Was his name Corey? Yes. And Joe T. McDonnell. Of course, he stayed back there. He's still there. Joe T. would've been the graduate manager up at the University. When he finished up there, why, he went back to Washington and went to law school and he's still back there now. He's still an attorney for one of Bible's committees. But he worked in McCarran's office there for years. And there was so many of them came out here that Pat took care of. And they came out here, and boy, they were a nucleus of a fighting team. And when the chips were down, they went to bat.

Of course, here in Reno, Pete Petersen and Gordon Rice were the mainstay of Pat's organization. I know another one was John Lougaris, and way up 'til the end, George Allard. But that busted up there toward the end when George wasn't appointed Postmaster. He felt pretty badly about that.

But Pat was a kindly fellow, who, when he wanted something, why, he wanted it. But when he could do something for somebody—here's another instance that will illustrate what kind of a guy he was. There was a fellow here [by] the name of George Smith, who had been the Reno postmaster, and he was an ardent Republican, and he used to campaign against McCarran and he was pretty rough about it.

And Smith had two sons. And he came to me one day and he said, "Do you think McCarran would recommend one of my sons for an appointment to West Point?"

I says, "I don't know, George."

And he says, "He shouldn't because," he says, "if there's anybody [who's] ever treated McCarran rough, I sure did."

So I told Pat, and Pat says, "That kind of a kid is he?"

I says, "He's a good kid."

He says, "I don't like his dad, but that's no reason why I should take it out on the kid." So he made the recommendation and the kid was graduated eventually from West Point.

Well, now, when it came to a campaign, a political campaign, Pat just loved to get out and put on a campaign. And the tougher it got, the better he liked it.

Al Hilliard was one who ran against McCarran one time for the Democratic nomination for Senator [1938]. Al was a pretty good fellow. I liked him very much, but he wasn't in the class of McCarran. Down through the years, why, some Italian ranchers down there at the lower end of the Truckee River, they were trying to get title to their land in there, and they couldn't. The Indians opposed it. And so Pat went to bat for 'em, and they finally made it, finally got it. And the council of the Indians, the Pyramid Lake Indians, none of them'd ever vote for McCarran. And Hilliard got darn near all the votes in Nixon in that campaign.

What do I think was behind that move on the Italian ranchers? Well, they'd taken up that land towards the mouth of the river and settled it for years and years and years; they'd settled it there. And the Indians claimed it. These Italian ranchers had built it into farms, into pretty good pieces of property. And I'll tell you, Manuel Cafferata here had mortgages on a lot of it. And these fellows, these



ranchers—what was their names? Something like DePaoli, or something. That wasn't it. They wanted to get title to that land, and you can't blame 'em. And the Indians—there's some smart Indians in there [who] thought this was good property and they'd better hang onto it. It was on the reservation. And they just wanted to keep those fellows from getting any title to it. So Pat went to bat for them. And it cost Pat all the votes at Nixon—I know that—in that primary election when Hilliard ran against him.

And Pat had worked for years before that trying to get title for that Sutcliff property for [James] Sutcliff. And that was a little bit different story because Sutcliff had moved in there, took up that land almost by the time the reservation was created. That became quite a long, drawn-out affair. He had bills in Congress there, and there'd be opposition to it, of course.

Of course, the Indian bureau in Washington opposed anything that they didn't initiate. That Indian bureau, to my notion, was one of the worst bureaucracies ever created. And they did more damage, more harm, to the Indians than they ever did good. If any time they didn't initiate something, it was no good. That's according to them; if they didn't initiate it, it wasn't worth a damn. They wouldn't have anything to do with it. It just became a dumping ground for a lot of political hacks, that Indian bureau. The Indians suffered from it, and [they're] suffering to this day.

You take this Indian camp down here in Reno, this little Indian village [Reno-Sparks Colony], that should have been a real nice camp. Years and years and years ago. But the Indian bureau just—.

Here's another little thing that Pat did one time, which was—it's paying off to this day. The Forest Service was always a fine bunch of people, and they did an awful lot

of good around here. And some years ago, Gene Shoup, who was then representative of the California State Automobile Association, the head of the office here, he got the idea that there ought to be some kind of a park on the Nevada side of the lake. So he went to the Forest Service and talked about Nevada Beach. And in order to develop the park, the Forest Service needed some money, so they got ahold of McCarran, and he got some money to develop that Nevada Beach. Gene was the one who really originated that, and the Forest Service went right along. It was before Ivan Sack's time. Mr. [Clarence] Favre was the Forest supervisor, and a fellow [by] the name of [Frank] Kennedy was here. Clarence Favre was the one who put the thing over for the Forest Service. Of course, he passed away years ago.

I have some pictures someplace of McCarran and Shoup and Favre and Vail Pittman up at the lake when they raised the flagpole at Nevada Beach because I always worked on it with Shoup. When McCarran thought something was right, it didn't take him any time to get the money—to get a federal outfit to put in the money. And the Forest Service were a fine outfit. They are to this day. I always thought they were much better than the Bureau of Land Management or the Park Service, either one. Of course, I didn't have much to do with the Park Service; I guess they were all right, but the Forest Service have always reached out to try to improve things for the benefit of the people.

One of the last things McCarran did was to get, as I recall, about \$50,000 for the Nevada Beach to improve it. And that was at the request of Clarence Favre. There was property up at Lake Tahoe at that time. Even then, it was hard to come by. Then Ivan Sack took over as a Forest supervisor, and Ivan is a top-notch in that field because he knows



what he's doing and has good vision. And he'd make a fine member of this Lake Tahoe committee that's in charge now, the—what do they call that? The thing that's Nevada and California together. Ivan's a member of that. I would've liked to've been a member of that, but, of course, I was sick. If I'd've been well, I'd've probably got to've been on that. But I couldn't.

I will tell about some of the election campaigns. I mentioned the '32 campaign, when Senator McCarran was elected the first time.

I didn't have anything to do with it. I was a delegate to the convention. The convention was in Las Vegas that year, as I recall. And McCarran wanted to get the endorsement of that convention so there wouldn't be any opposition in the party.

So he went down there, and in order to get that endorsement, he had to make some deals. And he wasn't averse to making deals when it was to his benefit and they were on the up and up. Why, this deal that he made there was with Bob Douglass; I recall that very well. Douglass more or less was the delegation from Churchill County. Douglass wanted to be Internal Revenue Collector. And so he worked out a deal with Pat that he'd get the Churchill delegation to go along on it, endorsing McCarran to ward off any opposition if McCarran would appoint him Internal Revenue Collector. And that was the deal that was made, and that's how Douglass got to be Internal Revenue Collector.

But when McCarran appointed him Internal Revenue Collector, he made Douglass let him appoint every attaché or deputy in that place there, which he did. Along years later, when Berkeley Bunker got back in the Senate, he wanted to throw his weight around, and he wanted to replace Douglass with somebody else and throw Douglass out of there. And he

had it just about done. And Douglass thought he was going to be out, so he appealed to McCarran, and McCarran kept him in there, just because he didn't want Bunker butting into something that he didn't think he had a right to.

I remember going over and interviewing Douglass. Bunker announced in Washington that Douglass was out, and I went over to see Douglass and to get a story from it. Douglass said, "I guess that's true." He says, "I don't think I should be tossed out because I've done a pretty good job as Internal Revenue Collector," and I think he had. But McCarran put the end to that, so Douglass hung onto his job.

Did I help with that? No, not one bit. Because I didn't like Douglass anyhow. Oh, I just didn't like him personally. He was the tightest guy I ever saw. But he made a pretty good Internal Revenue Collector, I guess. I never heard any reports otherwise.

What did I see of the old Wingfield organization in the 1932 election? Well, the Wingfield organization was kind of shot in that '32 election on account of all these bank failures and on account of the Depression, see. The Republicans took a beating in that thing on that whole Depression period. Of course, they blamed it all onto the Republicans and onto Hoover. And then when the Wingfield organization started having to pull in and begin foreclosing mortgages and trying to get its affairs in order, why, people began blaming them for everything. And so their influence in that campaign just dwindled. And by that time, McKay and Graham's influence was pretty well shot. The whole Republican organization just went to pieces.

Oh, the Wingfield people were bipartisan to a certain degree, but not in this particular case. They were Republicans. They were for Oddie. Then there was Billy Woodburn

and George Thatcher, they were Democrats; they were, of course, for Oddie. They were Wingfield's men.

There were a lot of people shooting at McCarran. For instance, like on his immigration bill. And he was so conservative about so much. Then Roosevelt wanted to increase the membership of the Supreme Court in order to what they called "pack" it, and McCarran was one of the most vociferous opponents of that thing, and did as much as anybody to kill that move of Roosevelt's, which Roosevelt really wanted so he could get some of these liberal laws like NRA okayed by the Supreme Court. McCarran believed in the Constitution. He was a great constitutional lawyer and stressed that at every opportunity. And McCarran was surely sincere in his opposition to that Roosevelt move because he thought that the Supreme Court should be far and above any kind of shenanigan.

Mechling, he was a fly in the ointment, that guy. He was a four-flusher. He wasn't even a resident of Nevada, you know. He only claimed that any residency in Nevada he had, he was married to Di Grazia's daughter. And he'd been in the Air Force stationed out at Wendover. And I don't think he'd ever voted in Nevada.

They were moving heaven and earth back in Washington, this Americans for Democratic Action, to defeat McCarran. They wanted to get him out of there. And so somebody got ahold of Mechling, and, of course, he was an opportunist, and they talked him into running for the Senate from Nevada against Bible. And, of course, we never—we thought it was just—we'd never heard of him and knew nothing about him and didn't think much of him as a candidate, to start with.

But he was a top-notch campaigner, I'll say that. Even Bible didn't take it very seriously. I always felt that Mechling's campaign was

financed by that Americans for Democratic Action, and they were getting some of that phony money that was being paid out there. Anything to defeat these conservatives in the Senate, like McCarran—anything to—it was a Communist deal, I think. I think that was the forerunner of this Communist outfit. I always did feel that way.

Mechling put on a house-to-house campaign, and it paid off. And I'll say this, that he was a good campaigner. He'd say anything or do anything. I know he made house-to-house canvasses around in Nevada here, and I knew one woman, an oldtime Democrat, who told me she was going to vote for Mechling.

And I said, "Why?"

She says, "He's the only candidate for a high office who ever came to my house to solicit my vote. And so I'm going to vote for him." And she did, I guess, which was an awful silly thing to do.

And, of course, Mechling tried to tie Bible into McCarran all the way. That was where he tried to make it appear that Bible was McCarran's boy, which he wasn't. But they tried. Mechling did everything he could to tie Bible right in and make him just a puppet for McCarran, which wasn't true. But the people—there were so many newcomers in Nevada who didn't know, and they voted for Mechling. It was a surprise, that whole thing was. I know my boys, they were as surprised as I was. I had no idea that Mechling would get the vote for the Democratic nomination for Senator that he did, and neither did Bible.

Bible learned a lesson then. He's never pulled any punches in a campaign again. Always, whenever there's a campaign, he gets in and works. That's how he won this last one, beat Fike, because he campaigns continuously. When he gets into a campaign, he really goes into it. Mechling didn't have any backing of the Democratic party in

Nevada. It wasn't any split that hurt Bible; it was just that Mechling capitalized on Bible's friendship for McCarran. And anybody that didn't like McCarran, why, they were voting against Bible.

And that's how Molly Malone got elected to the Senate that time. Because we all went out after that. I know I did, because we didn't want anybody like him back there in the Senate, and we knew what Malone was. We knew that Malone was a Nevada man through and through. And maybe we didn't agree with Molly on his ideas on "funny money" and that kind of stuff. Why, nevertheless, we knew where he was and knew he was a Nevada man and knew that Mechling was not. So I know we all got to work—all the Democrats that I could get ahold of every place in the state—to work for Malone. We got in and beat Mechling, and that was the best thing that ever happened to this state. But if they'd've put that guy back there, there's no telling what would've happened.

What kinds of economic interests did I see there? I didn't see any economic interests at all. Mechling had no economic influence of any kind that I know of, and there were no Democrats around here who had any economic interests in it. Mechling's campaign was just a matter of an appeal to people—a lot of newcomers that were in here. He painted a picture of Bible being just a puppet for McCarran, which, of course, was not true. But it was easy; he could paint it because Bible had been in McCarran's law office when he got out of school. McCarran had sponsored Bible back there with a job in Washington when he went to law school. Then when he came back here, why, he was in McCarran's law office. Then he went to Virginia City as the district attorney up there, and was very, very close to McCarran all through the years, and was, right up until the time of McCarran's death. It

was easy to tie Bible into McCarran because he was so closely associated with McCarran. McCarran had done so much for him.

But, of course, when Bible was attorney general, he had never done anything for McCarran especially. He stood on his own feet when he was attorney general. It was too bad Mechling beat him, but it taught Bible a lesson, and Bible's friends a lesson, too, me among them.

Did Senator McCarran discuss his endorsement of Malone with me? Yeh. Well, he didn't want Mechling back there because Mechling had attacked him unfairly. And, of course, McCarran had worked with Malone back there in the Senate for quite a while, and he knew Molly very well. And he says, "I don't like that son of a gun in many respects, but I do respect him." He says, "When he tells me anything, I can believe him," which was true.

And he asked me about what I thought the endorsement of Malone; would it help? I told him yes, I thought it would. If he'd endorse Malone, it'd just cut the ground out from under all that Mechling baloney that Mechling had put out.

And then when Norman Biltz got Mechling over there and made a sucker out of him—he got to spouting off and they taped all this interview with him, and the fellow just didn't know what it was all about. Of course, Biltz was a Republican, really, and a friend of McCarran's. And he was pretty sore about Mechling's campaign there, and especially the attacks on McCarran all the way down the line when McCarran wasn't a candidate. So when Biltz got Mechling up there in his office and started interviewing, and he just made a sucker out of himself. He was just—he just didn't—he displayed that he was just as naive—he wasn't dry behind the ears, and thoroughly no good.

What did I see as the role of the newspapers in this campaign? Well, as far as the *Journal* was concerned, we were for Bible all down the line. And I made an effort personally at the time to dig up Mechling's record to show that he'd never registered, never voted in the state of Nevada. But his supporters capitalized on that and said there were thousands of other residents of Nevada who were just as new as Mechling, and they needed somebody to represent *them*, just as well as some old-timer. "It's about time the newcomers took over"; that was one of the slogans that Mechling used, and he used it very effectively.

And I don't know who his political advisors were; I don't know that he had any. But his own ingenuity and his drive and his energy that the fellow put into this campaign—he really put in. He'd go up and down these streets campaigning. He was young and just full of vigor and didn't care what he said or how he said it, or to whom.

You'd write something about him in the paper, and he'd come up there and protest. If it wasn't favorable, he'd come up there and make a big protest. I know he came up and he'd say he was going to bring a libel suit against the paper for something that he said about it. And I used to tell him, I'd say, "Go on, Tom, do. Bring the libel suit. We'd welcome it. If you'd just bring it, we'd just welcome it to show you up." But he never brought any. He never—it was always just bluffs. I don't know what ever happened to him. He went down to California and got mixed up in some kind of a book scandal, which was about his style.

Did I ever discuss the campaign with Mr. Di Grazia? No. No, I never did. Matter of fact, I've never met this Mr. Di Grazia in my life. Mechling's wife, Di Grazia's daughter, is a very nice girl. That's what everybody said. But I never met Di Grazia.

Returning, then, to McCarran, how did I see my role as the head of the newspaper end of the organization? If things'd come up, and I had an idea—that was all it was. He'd accept my advice on certain things. When I thought something was right or wrong, I didn't hesitate to write and tell him. If I thought he was wrong on something, I didn't hesitate to write and tell him I thought he was wrong. He asked my advice on many things, I know, particularly [on] political appointments around here.

For instance, the postmastership became vacant here, and he was looking around for somebody for postmaster. And there was a fellow [by] the name of Bill Kinnikin, a very likely young fellow who lived here for years, from an old family. And I happened to meet Bill over at a service station one morning, and it just occurred that he'd be a good postmaster. Bill wasn't doing anything; he was selling typewriters. So I asked him, I said to Bill, I said, "Gee, I've heard that you might be the next postmaster."

He said, "Is that right? I've never heard that before."

I said, "Would you like to be?"

And he said, "Yes, I would. But," he says, "I never dreamed of anything like that."

So I wrote a letter to McCarran and I told him about Bill. And so McCarran wrote back and he asked me, he says, "Could you honestly recommend Kinnikin?"

I says, "Yes, I could because I've known him all his life. I've known his family, and I could recommend him," and so I did. And so darned if he didn't appoint Kinnikin. And he stayed in there as postmaster 'til he died. It was after his death that he appointed Kinnikin's wife to succeed him. And Bill had made a good postmaster. And that was when George Allard wanted to be appointed postmaster. But that was the role that I played as far as McCarran was concerned.

I was often accused of making the newspaper into a mouthpiece for McCarran? Well, I did as best I could. Never made the *Gazette* a mouthpiece for McCarran, I'll tell you that. I was just a reporter on the *Gazette*. On the *Journal*, I used to express McCarran's views on everything and do everything I could for him. I know they accused me of everything. But I never tried to capitalize on it at all for anything. I did it because I thought McCarran was competent. I would do it again. He was competent, and he was a good Senator. He had the best interests of Nevada at heart and was willing to fight for it, no matter what.

We used to have some differences of opinion on different things. One of them was McCarran had been one of the prime movers in the organization of the Washoe Irrigation District here, because he had that ranch way down at the end of the valley below Vista. Well, came a campaign at one time to lower the level of the water level in this valley, get away from these floods and to take the reefs out of the river. And McCarran's ranch was down there below those reefs, and he didn't want the reefs taken out because he was afraid it'd flood that ranch. And I can remember arguing with him and fighting with him about that, to get him to change his tune. Because as long as he was opposed to removing those reefs, there never was anybody who'd ever move. And so his daughter—I saw this piece in the paper the other day where his daughter's just raising the dickens about it, still way late as this. And, of course, the removal of those reefs was the lifesaver for this valley to get away from those floods that flooded that whole Truckee Meadows in there.

One time, there was a Washoe County convention here to elect delegates to the Democratic state convention, and Bob Allen was mixed up in it. He was the state highway engineer, and he was one of McCarran's

standbys. The Democrats got into one big battle over there, a battle between McCarran's forces and those who were against McCarran. I remember Denver Dickerson was writing stuff, and he wrote a kind of a classic line in there. It was, "You take the low road, and I'll take the highway," because all the highway department in Carson City was in there working for the control of that convention for McCarran. Bob Allen. And they finally controlled it, too.

That's when Walter Baring came into the picture, a little before that. Walter had been a member of the city council here in Reno, and he'd been a Democratic worker around. I remember when he was elected to the legislature and then he was on the state central committee, then he got on this bright idea of running for representative in Congress. I didn't think he'd ever get to first base, but he sure did. He went out and campaigned. He makes one of these "homely" campaigns—you know, going to see you and everybody. And he got elected, and it was one great surprise to me when Cliff Young beat him that time. He's running again this time. He'll beat—whoever's against him, he'll beat him easy, hands down, I think.

While Governor Carville was governor, why, McCarran and Carville got into quite an argument, quite a controversy, over patronage, over appointing this one and that one and [someone] else, and it became quite a bitter tend between the two of them. It was too bad because they were both very fine people. I know we tried to get 'em together. Captain [Walter] Rowson and I got [them] together. We arranged for a meeting for them to meet in Rowson's office downtown. Rowson was a Republican. He was just a friend of both of theirs. They met in Rowson's office and sat down, and we thought they just got all their differences settled between the two of 'em.



Not very long after that, something else came up—some appointment came up, and they got in a big argument about who was going to get the job, and the whole amicable adjustment that we thought had been worked out was blown up. And it went on from there. But it did some good because in later years, they seemed to settle their differences.

Of course, that was a real combination. Carville had a terrific number of friends in Nevada, and so did McCarran. You got the two of 'em together, and you really got something. And then there was Maurice Sullivan, he had lots of friends in Nevada, too. He was the lieutenant governor for years on end, years and years and years. He and Joe Farnsworth seemed to be perennials up there. But then Maurice got ambitious and ran for Congress and was elected to the House of Representatives and served a term back there, and then he was defeated for renomination by—I think it was Berkeley Bunker was the one that defeated him for renomination.

That was a damn mistake on the part of the people because he was a pretty smart young fellow, but he was an opportunist. When he double-crossed Carville, that left me pretty cold. And a lot of other Democrats resented it when Berkeley ran for United States Senator against Molly Malone. We all went out and worked for Molly. That's how Molly happened to land. If it hadn't been for the Democrats, Molly would've never made it.

Senator McCarran had a famous feud with Key Pittman. Did he ever discuss that feud with me and the basis for it? No. No, that was all a matter of who was going to control this. It was just a matter of Pittman would've been the oldtimer there, and Pittman wanted to control things. And McCarran, of course—nobody was going to control anything that *he* had anything to do with. And so that's where their feud came in. It was just a matter of who was

going to be the boss. And McCarran didn't want to be bossed by Pittman. And Pittman, being the old-timer, the old senior senator, he thought he was entitled to. Maybe there was some truth in what Pittman said, but McCarran couldn't see it that way, and I didn't. We all went along with McCarran because he was a more likable sort of a fellow than Pittman—at least, to me he was.

Did I ever hear of a feud between Senator McCarran and Mr. Scrugham? No, I never did. There might've been; I don't know. I don't know why there should have been.

What do I think that this feud between the two senators did to the situation in Nevada as far as good representation or good programs? Well, it nullified some good stuff. Pittman was a pretty smart fellow, and he used to have some good ideas once in a while, but so did McCarran. But it was just like one of those things—the other one thought of it first, why, it was no good, see, for the other one.

But taken all in all, Pittman and McCarran were darn good senators. McCarran was particularly so because McCarran used his seniority back there as a whip. When he wanted anything for Nevada, he just got it. That was all; he just demanded it, and no matter whether it was a Republican or Democratic administration. He just went in there and told those department heads, "I want this, and I want it *now!*" There was no argument about it. And he got it, too. Because he was rapacious, and he was just—he'd get something, he'd never let loose of it. He was tenacious. And if they crossed him, why, he was—. If they did McCarran a favor, why, he'd do anything in the world for them. But if they crossed him, he'd do anything—he would do nothing for them. Used to call him the "fighting Irishman," and believe me, he was! He loved to fight. He'd rather fight than eat. And yet he was a gracious sort of a fellow. So



gracious to his friends. You take like young Joe and lots of these kids around here, he was so good to 'em all.

There's a fellow from Winnemucca named Chester Smith, who went back to McCarran's office and studied back there under him and worked for McCarran in McCarran's office and then studied law and was graduated from Georgetown or George Washington University. And he came out here and passed the Bar examination and was admitted to the Nevada Bar. Chet was back on Bible's staff for years as secretary of the District of Columbia committee, of which Bible was the chairman, and he just ran that thing. He was practically the mayor of Washington. And after the change in administration, I asked Joe what Chet was doing now. He said he's the secretary of the Small Business Committee. He was an organizer, still is. When Kennedy was running for [President], he used to send—the National Committee'd send Smith out as a scout ahead to organize things, and it seemed that Johnson did the same thing. We used him that way.

I know one time, Smith was—there was some kind of a meeting going on overseas, and they sent Smith over there to lay the land for them, to lay the groundwork for the meeting. He'd come out here and like in the campaign—like in one of Bible's campaigns and one time for McCarran's campaign, he'd come out here and he'd set up the organization of central headquarters in Las Vegas and take charge all over the state. Whenever Chet took charge, everybody felt real happy. Eva Adams worked with him very fine. I know up until the last time Bible ran, why, Chet was out here. Matter of fact, he slept in that room there where I sleep now. He and Bob were great friends, and Joe.

There was an effort made on the part of some of the gamblers to control politics in Nevada, and there was a lot of people who

didn't want that to happen. But when it came to elections, why, McCarran and Pittman and nearly all of 'em kind of went along with them because those fellows exercised a lot of influence; they controlled a lot of votes. And so McCarran never opposed them, and Pittman didn't because he was their friend. He'd always been their friend. But I can't recall ever that—McCarran may have—at times, he may have told some of these gamblers, "Now, listen. I want you fellows to come along with me. If not, why, something might happen to you." But as far as I know, there was never any real controversy out in the open on the thing that I can recall.

The famous boycott of the *Las Vegas Sun*? Well, that didn't involve McCarran and the gamblers. That was—I guess the gamblers wanted to boycott the *Las Vegas Sun* because of Greenspun's attack on McCarran. I remember that time, but not too well. Of course, Greenspun's attack on McCarran, I don't think they were at all well-founded because Greenspun wanted to get himself cleared from that conviction of carrying arms to Israel. He wanted McCarran to go to bat for him with the Justice Department and get him a full pardon for that, and McCarran wouldn't do it. So Greenspun just started out to "get" him. I never could go along with Greenspun on that very well. I never thought Greenspun was fair in that. But he sure did a lot of attacking. And he's a smart operator, that guy. He can write, and he didn't do McCarran any good, but in the long run, it didn't hurt him any.

I don't know any more of the background of that boycott. Ho, I don't. It was way down there, and I didn't pay much attention to it. I really don't know too much about it. I remember the boycott was by some of the gamblers in Las Vegas who were real friends of McCarran and they were getting sore about

Greenspun's attack on McCarran. But I don't know as the— McCarran didn't instigate that. I think it started down there with the gamblers. And in the long run, it didn't hurt McCarran a darn bit.

What about McCarran's control over state officials? Well, he tried to exercise control over state officials, but he didn't have very much luck with some of them, with some of those oldtimers. He liked to exercise control. He liked to throw his weight around in state circles, but they didn't—. There were fellows up there in state offices who were just as entranced with McCarran, fellows like Johnny Koontz—they were all friends of McCarran, and—Jack Diskin, Mike Diskin and—all good Democrats, and—like Bob Allen, who was the state highway engineer. He was McCarran's friend *through and through*.

Would I say, then, that McCarran had a "machine?" Oh, he had a machine, believe me! He had a honey! Would I compare it to the Wingfield organization? Wingfield had a machine, but McCarran's was better. McCarran's was loyal to McCarran. Wingfield's, they were just a hodgepodge of gamblers and all that. I don't think they exercised a lot of political influence, Wingfield's—that bipartisan machine of Wingfield's. But McCarran bucked that.

Here's something that's interesting. Ol' Colonel [Thomas W.] Miller, he was a great friend of Pat McCarran, Senator McCarran. He came up with the idea that a statue of McCarran should be in the Statuary Hall back in the national capitol. The states can only have one or two—. So Colonel went to the— Colonel is still around here—he went to the legislature, and we got a bill passed authorizing [the statue]. That's the procedure that has to be done. It has to be authorized by the legislature. The money can't be—the entire amount of the thing can't be

appropriated by the legislature for the statue. It must come from the public. And so they created a committee to do that, including the governor, the speaker of the house, the lieutenant governor, and two lay members who the governor was to appoint. And the governor (that was Charlie Russell) appointed me as one member of that committee.

And we had a meeting in Carson City, that committee, there, one time, and they elected me chairman. They provided me with one son of a gun of a job, believe me! So it was a matter of getting the money to pay for this statue, and to get it from here, there, and everywhere—wherever we could—and to arrange for having the statue made. And Norman Biltz was on that committee, too. The governor appointed him on there, and it was a good thing he did because he was the money raiser. Rex Bell was the lieutenant governor, and he was a dandy! Rex Bell and Norman Biltz, outside of myself, did more than anybody else on that thing.

So we went out, trying to figure out where to have this statue made. The woods is full of these people that make these things. So Yo Sheppard here, Craig Sheppard's wife—we looked around and found out that she could do that very good, and we thought it would be better to have her, a Nevada person, do it than go outside and get somebody else. So we made a contract with Yo to make that statue and have it installed back there in Washington for \$20,000. And we didn't have twenty cents.

So we had a bill introduced in the legislature to appropriate \$10,000 for the statue, and then set out to collect the other \$10,000 from here, there, and everywhere. And we got some sizable contributions, but not very many big ones—\$100 and so forth. And Biltz was the best one to get the money.

So we finally got our money, got enough money to pay Yo and to have the thing made. She went back [to] wherever they make them,

made the thing out of plaster of Paris, or however they do it, and then had it cast in bronze. And then we had quite a ceremony when the thing was presented to the Senate. I was the chairman of that. And that was quite a thrill, too.

Eva Adams was the best help of anybody I know. She did more towards making that whole presentation a success than—she and Denver Dickerson, both of them. Denver was working there for McCarran's office. And we had quite a party, and it was really colorful. I think I sent a copy of the proceedings to the library at the University. We all thought that Mrs. Sheppard did a real good job on it.

We brought that statue, the plaster cast, back to Reno; we brought it back, shipped it back here. On the way back, why, in the shipping, it was pretty badly broken up. And I had to go down to the depot here, and the railroad company paid for fixing it and took it up to the University, up to the art department, and they repaired it, and then we had the Bender Warehouse Company—Bender trucks—take it up to Carson City and put it up in that room that has been fixed up there [in the Museum], the McCarran room. That's got some of McCarran's furniture. That's furnished out of McCarran's office. Eva Adams saw to that. And the statue's in there, and the whole records of how the money was acquired and how it was spent is filed right with that thing. And every nickel that we collected and every nickel that was spent cleared through the controller's office.

That's where my secretary, Mrs. Lee, did a terrific job on that because she wrote all the letters for me all over the state to all these different—. And the newspapers were real cooperative. I fixed up an advertisement and set out mats to all the newspapers all over the state with a little coupon in there, asking for a contribution for this. And all the

newspapers printed those free of charge. They produced some results, too. We got dollars and five dollars and ten dollars, and different contributions from people all over the state through the newspapers. And in the course of time, we collected \$10,000, and the state matched it.

We had that bill introduced, and the one that did more work for it, to get that thing passed up there was—remember Mrs. C. V. Isbell? She worked on that as hard as anybody and got that bill passed. We got the money and were able to do what we intended to set out to do.

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## CIVIC AFFAIRS: THE CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION, THE UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, RENO YMCA, COMMUNITY CHEST

One of the nicest things that ever happened to me was when I was appointed a director of the California State Automobile Association. Gene Shoup was the one who recommended that. Billy Johnston, who had owned Sunderland's store, had been a director for years. He died, and there was a vacancy there, and they wanted somebody, and Gene Shoup recommended me to the officials and the head of the association. And the then head of the association came up here and interviewed me, and I accepted it reluctantly because I didn't know what it was all about. It was sure a great thing because they were as fine a group of men with whom I ever associated. It was a good organization, a dandy. And the fellow that's the head of it now, or was—Ed Moore—is one of the smartest, most likable characters I ever saw or ever knew.

So Leola and I got to travel all over the United States. They'd have conventions—AAA conventions—in different cities all over the United States—New York, Chicago, Detroit, Seattle, Phoenix, Los Angeles. And so we got to go to all those—all first class, all

expenses paid, with all these fine people. It was a wonderful experience.

Would I like to tell about the Alumni Association when I was president? Well, the Alumni Association, when I was its president, one of the members was Mrs. Louise Lewers (her name was Louise Blaney—Louise Blum; she was a native of Reno. She married a fellow [by] the name of Blaney. I've forgotten whether he died or they got a divorce. She had one daughter. Then she married Robert Lewers, who was the vice president of the University). She was the secretary of the Alumni Association as long as I can remember. Believe me, she was "Madame Alumni Association." We had no particular program except to try to get all the members we could, get everybody to join that we could. But we took no part in any controversial stuff of any kind, never took any part in anything like that. It was just a matter of trying to do anything we could to further the interests of the University. But we never butted in; we never did any legislative work of any kind or that kind. And Mrs. Lewers

kept all the records. And I still have a card someplace where I'm a life member of the Alumni Association. But we never took any part—I saw to that, that we weren't going to participate and get in any controversy of any kind, no matter what it was. And we never did.

Dr. Clark was the president of the University when I was the president of the Alumni Association. And we'd have these meetings with Dr. Clark. Lord, how he used to like to make speeches! Did you ever remember him? He'd get up to make his welcome address to the alumni. Gosh, I could never shut him off. He'd just keep a-going and going and going and going! I liked him very much, but I used to duck every time I could when it came to have him make a speech. I remember one time I got up courage enough and said to Dr. Clark, "I'd appreciate it very much, and we all would, if you'd just limit your talk to a half an hour. Please do." And he kind of looked at me kind of funny-like, and he did, too. That was the nice part of it. I loved her, his wife. Of course, his daughter and John Chism are still here. I don't know where the other daughter is. And his son—I didn't know him very well. Well, Dr. Clark was an intellectual, and so was Mrs. Clark. They were intellectuals. And he was a good administrator of the University, I think. Of course, he got pretty old, along in years, and I think he did a terrific job with the University, myself.

He got to the point where he was pretty badly shot to pieces, and I think the regents kind of nudged him a little bit to resign. That's the way I always heard it, that he resigned because he got to the point where he just couldn't take it. They had a pretty good Board of Regents. There was Judge Brown, and I forgot whether Si Ross was on that board then or not; I think he was. There was Judge Brown—I know Brown was on that board, and I've forgotten who the other members

were. But they all got along pretty good, a lot different than they have up 'til a few years ago.

And one of the things we used to work hard to promote was the old YMCA. It had been built about 1910 by a fellow named A. W. Plummer, [who] was a merchant here. He was the first president of the YMCA board, and he was the one who really brought about its building, brought about the organization of the Y. And Senator [George S.] Nixon gave them the land there, where the old Y was, back of the Mapes, you know, across the street from the city hall. And the newspapers, both of 'em, both the *Journal* and the *Gazette*, tried to help the Y out all it could, all the way down the line.

I was a member of the board of directors, and I was president of it for two years. And we never could get out of debt from the time it was built. I know when I was president, the first president had a \$17,000 debt, a mortgage. Old Nick Sorgi had that mortgage, \$17,000. And we never could get it paid off, so we put on a campaign. [By the] time we got enough money to support the thing, kept the thing going, we wouldn't've had any money to pay off the debt, other than the interest.

And so when Forest Lovelock was a director of the Y at that time while I was the president, he came to me one day. He says, "You know, I think we might go to old Pappy Smith, Raymond Smith. Maybe he'd give us the money to pick up this mortgage." And so Forest said, "Do you think that's all right with—" would that be all right with me if he did it?

And I said, "Sure! It would be great!"

And so he went to see Smith, and Smith said, "Sure!" And he gave him the check for seventeen thousand and some-odd dollars to pick up the mortgage, and We picked it up right now. At the same time, Smith says, "There was a mortgage on the YWCA, I understand." He says, "Find out what that is,

and I'll take care of that, too." And he did. That was one good thing we accomplished.

Not long after the Y got out of debt they had the explosion and blew the thing up, ruined it. So it was necessary to get a new building. And I wasn't on the board then, but they went out where the Y is now and found some land. I'd served my term on the board. And those all resulted from newspaper work.

It was from that, too, [that] stemmed the Community Chest idea. That was my idea, and it came about because every time I'd turn around, why, somebody wanted me to go out and collect money for some organization. So I just decided at one time, "Why can't we—they have these Community Chests elsewhere, United Funds elsewhere. Why can't we have one in Reno?" So I got ahold of a half a dozen fellows, like, oh, Prof. N. E. Wilson and Dr. C. O. Gasho, the old man Gasho, and a fellow [by] the name of Ray Callahan, and Hugh Herd, and Mitch Armanko. Of course, Mitch and Hugh are both gone now. [I] got 'em together, and we formed the nucleus for a Community Chest. And we put it on the basis so that it would make it a community. The directors of it would be elected by each representative organization in Reno, such as the Century Club and the women's organizations and the Lions Club and the Rotary Club; each one of them would have members of their board of directors to be members of the Community Chest, and they in turn would elect a board of directors to run the thing. And it worked! Of course, they expanded it since then into the United Fund. They conducted their first campaign, and Marsh Johnson was the first campaign director. I think they went out to raise \$100,000. They appointed a committee, as they do today, to work out the budgets for each one of these organizations and beneficiary organizations, such as the YMCA

and the YWCA and the Salvation Army, and all of them. That's the way it was worked out.

It stemmed from it because I was in [the newspaper] business. I was in a position to do those things, and to publicize 'em and dream 'em up. And it was all part of something to keep in the newspaper, to keep the newspaper alive, give some human touch to the newspaper.





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## THE LAKE TAHOE AREA COUNCIL

When I retired at sixty-five from the Reno newspapers in 1957, I had nothing particular in mind to do, and Lester Summerfield, who was the president of the Fleischmann Foundation, called me just a few days before I retired. He and I were oldtime friends. He said, "Joe, what are you going to do when you retire?"

And I says, "Well, I don't know what we're—. My wife and I, we're going—we've got some plans for some world tour." And we did have it.

And he says, "Oh," he says. "I've got something better for you to do than that for a while. Come on over here. I think I can interest you in something."

So I went over to his office. And he says, "When Mr. Fleischmann was alive, he was very much interested in protecting Lake Tahoe." He says, "We've got to protect Lake Tahoe from its own friends. And if something isn't done now, why, it's going to be ruined. And," he said, "I'll tell you what we'd like. The board of directors of the Fleischmann Foundation would like to carry out that wish

of Mr. Fleischmann. And so, if you'll go ahead and organize a nonprofit corporation of some kind, and go in there and see what you can do (let's see, how did he put it? How did he put that?) for orderly development of the lake and to protect it every way possible—." "Orderly development." And he says, "If you'll carry on an educational program on that score," he says, "we'll finance for you." And he says, "We'll give you \$50,000 a year to spend, and you spend it any way you feel like it. No strings attached."

Boy, what a deal! No strings attached to it. All I had to do was once a year I'd submit a report on what I'd spent the money for. I could spend it for anything I wanted to. I could give it away, or—. And as far as salary was concerned, he said, "Write your own ticket."

And I worked hard at that deal, and I stayed within my [budget] 'til my wife had a heart attack, and then I had to kind of taper off. Then after she passed away, why, I got sick and had to give it up.

I organized the Lake Tahoe Area Council to carry the work on, and it's still going good.

And the Fleischmann Foundation— in the course of that thing—it's been published—I don't mind saying this. In the course of that several years that I carried that thing on, the Fleischmann Foundation spent a little better than a quarter of a million dollars on that project, or at least I spent it for them. And I'm going to claim credit to this day for what's going on up there right now.

Well, I started out from scratch. I had no idea what to do. So the first thing I did was I had some meetings of the county commissioners. In some counties, California counties, they didn't have planning boards. So I met with the county commission and talked to them about setting up some planning boards where people would go to them and get permission to do this, that, and the other thing—whatever they wanted to develop.

And I had the darnedest—some of 'em were real interested. Ormsby County, for instance, was pretty hard to get interested. Douglas County was very easy. Washoe County was swell. And so was Placer County. And I finally arranged to get all of these county commissioners together, brought 'em all in here at one time. And I had a luncheon for them in Reno one time and had the county commissioners and members of planning boards from all the various counties and brought them all in here, and they discussed all of this thing and turned it over and kicked it around. And then we started making progress towards organization.

When I first went up there, There was a great rivalry at that lake between the south end and the north end—rivalry for the tourist business, and rivalry over this, that, and—*everything* was just rivalry. And they weren't cooperating on *anything*. And there was no effort being made to protect anything up there—just go ahead, every man for himself. I found out that that was the worst part of the

whole situation at Lake Tahoe. There were too many entities up there. Five counties, two states, and I've forgotten how many federal agencies, all had their hands in Lake Tahoe. It was a matter of just convincing those people to get together on these things, or they were going to have a mess on their hands. And we finally got 'em convinced.

I had some wonderful help among different people, a fellow [by] the name of Harry Marks, who lives at Glenbrook; oh, and then some of the resort owners around the lake, some of 'em are very fine people, very fine. Bill Harrah was one who helped. I was trying to think of the fellow that had Meeks Bay. What was his name? I can't think of some of those names now. George Kehlet, the owner of Meeks Bay resort, he was a great help to me. And then there's a woman, her name is Lois Williams now. She was the secretary of the Lake Tahoe Area Council, and now she's the manager of it, I think. She was a great help because she handled all that detail. I had a secretary here in Reno that was very helpful, a woman that lives down in Tonopah now. Her name was Jeannie Lee when she was here. She did all the secretarial work, and she was a dandy. And we had lots of fun on that thing.

Well, an interesting part of it was that we spent a quarter of a million dollars there. It was all audited. It was spent by me and what I call the California-Nevada-Lake Tahoe Association, of which I was the president. It was spent by me and I had an auditor taking care of it all the time. And this secretary of mine was the bookkeeper. She kept the books on the thing, and then they were all audited.

We wound up here a few years ago and closed the thing up— I had to quit it after I got sick. I just had to retire. And I decided we'd better fold the thing up. It was a nonprofit corporation— fold up the California-Nevada-Lake Tahoe Association. In the meantime, I

already had organized the Lake Tahoe Area Council. Then we had a few dollars left in the treasury of the California-Nevada-Lake Tahoe Association. So when we closed it up, and whatever was left in the treasury, in the bank account, we just took it and gave it all to the Lake Tahoe Area Council.

Then Mr. Brown, the auditor—Mr. Carl Brown was the auditor—he took care of the books all the way, audited them right from the outset. When he wound the thing up, I asked if he'd make me out a final report, and he did. There was still a dollar and sixty-five cents too much money there. He never did have an idea where it came from. Now, I think, one time the bank charged a check charge. And we always carried a great, big balance in there, and I called up and told them that I shouldn't've had that charge for a check—the checking account charged. And so I think they rebated it. And some way or other, it never got accounted for in the books. And so poor old Carlos, he hunted and hunted and hunted for that dollar and sixty-five cents out of a quarter of a million dollars. To this day, I don't think he knows what happened to it. He just has put that down as one of those “mysteries.” I guess that galls a bookkeeper, though, an auditor, but that was the best we could do.

But I'm very happy about the Lake Tahoe Area Council and about the whole Lake Tahoe picture. I'm *very* happy about it. And I think the Fleischmann Foundation was, too. Too bad Lester Summerfield passed away. There was a grand man. Mr. Summerfield was succeeded by Jay Bergin, a fine gentleman, who is carrying on the program today.



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MY FAMILY

One of the luckiest things that happened to me was when I met Leola up at the University. She was just a ranch girl, came in here from Spanish Springs Valley where her father had a ranch. His name was Matt Lewis. They had this little ranch out there, and she came in here to go to the University. And this was rather a coincidence. There was a girl who lived next door to me back in Victor, Colorado, who came out here with her folks, and her mother had a boardinghouse in Tonopah. Her name was Delphine Schoen. So she came up to the University to go to school. She was graduated from, I guess, Tonopah High; I don't know. But she came up to go to school at the University, and she and Leola became very good friends.

Of course, Delphine, she got pretty sick there for a while. It was like the kids that have the flu today, have something like that. So she was in the little old hospital there at the University, and so I used to go over there after dinner to see her because she and I had been next door neighbors back in Colorado. And Leola used to come over at the same

time because they were good friends. And so that's where I met Leola, over there visiting with Delphine.

So when Mrs. Porter, who was the matron of the hospital, used to tell us to get out of there at nine o'clock, I'd walk Leola home to Manzanita Hall. So we got so we'd go the long way around [laughing], across the old bridge, the old tram. And that's the way it started, and it kept on from [there]. That started in 19—let's see, about 1912, because Leola was graduated from the University in oh, about 1913, I guess it was. So I went with her all that time.

So after she was graduated in '13, she taught school out here in the country. That's when we got to be good friends with Emmet Boyle, more than anything. She used to come in, every chance she'd get—she lived out there. She taught at— they called it Brown school, way out there. She taught there and lived there with some people [by] the name of Howard near there. On Sunday afternoon, why, she'd—. From here to Carson City, they ran what they called a motor. And you could



take that motor and it'd stop anyplace. Emmet Boyle, who was the governor, used to ride that motor. He'd go back to Carson on that thing. And the motorman got so he'd take Leola past the place where she wanted to get off, and so Boyle noticed where it was, and he knew the motorman, and he got him to stop right at the exact crossing where she could get off. And so we got to be good friends, just from that.

She taught out there a year, and then she came in and taught at Huffaker school, taught there a year. And I was to graduate in 1915, and so we decided when I was graduated, we would get married. That's what we did.

Oh, we were just a couple of—not exactly kids, but we didn't have a nickel. We had a few dollars between us, very little money that I'd made on the *Sagebrush* and money that she'd made teaching school. So it worked out beautifully.

I was working on the *Gazette* then, and I had to be home. So we got married on Saturday, the thirteenth of November. And she said that thirteen was a lucky day for her because she was born on July the thirteenth and was graduated from the University in 1913, so we decided we'd get married on the thirteenth. So we got married on the thirteenth of November, which was a Saturday, because I had to be back by the following Thursday from my wedding trip. We got married and we went to San Francisco to the 1915 world's fair, the exposition there, for our honeymoon. And when we came home—before we left, we'd leased a house out on 1033 Wheeler Avenue from some people named—what was their name?—Callahan.

So we got back, and when we got back, the people from whom we bought the house hadn't been able to move out—or hadn't moved out—so that's how we happened to go up to Miller's house there [on Lake Street], got a room, stayed there for one week. And

then we got our house. We lived there for six months; we had a lease for six months.

Then we had an opportunity to buy a house down on South Virginia Street from a fellow [by] the name of Billy Hughes. I needed five hundred dollars for what he wanted as a down payment on the thing for \$4,700. Of course, we didn't have two dollars between us.

Well, one thing that happened, after we moved into that house on 1033 Wheeler Avenue, we bought some groceries and we'd paid two months' rent, one month in advance and the last month, and between the two of us, we had just a half a dollar. So we decided to go to the show. (You could go to the show for two bits.) So we went down and went to the Majestic for two bits. And we came out of there, we were broke flat.

So when we wanted to buy this house on South Virginia Street, which seemed like a good buy, I went to see Harry Kennedy, who was then the cashier of the old Reno National Bank, and told him I wanted to borrow five hundred dollars.

And he says, "That for?"

And I says, "I want to buy a house."

"Where," he said.

I told him, "At 710 South Virginia Street."

He says, "What in the hell do you want to move to Carson for?"

And I said, "Oh, lookit, Harry. I Want to—we don't want to pay rent all the time. We want to—we think there's a good buy."

And so finally he said, "All right." He says, "If your father-in-law'll come in here and sign this note sometime, why, I'll give you the five hundred." And he did, and so I gave it to Bill Hughes, and that's how we became a homeowner. Took a long time to get that paid off, believe me, and we did. It took a long time; we got it paid off.

At a salary of twenty dollars a week, it was pretty hard to get enough money together to

pay off a loan like a five hundred-dollar loan. Boy, that was an insurmountable amount, it looked like. Of course, I was lucky enough to have a job where I worked steadily, and I could pick up a little money on the side writing special stories here and there and everywhere.

Finally, Mr. Sanford wanted Leola to—wanted to know if she wouldn't write the society [column] for him. She knew nothing about it. She couldn't even run a typewriter. But she finally made a deal with him, and I think he paid her twenty dollars a month and paid her phone bill and furnished a typewriter, and that's when she started in writing. Of course, twenty dollars a month was enough to buy the kids something. By that time, we had a couple of boys. And she stuck with that job for thirty-five years. And I was with the newspapers for forty-two years. It was a wonderful experience, believe me.

[Son] Bob went to high school here, the one who was graduated from high school here. And then he decided to go to Santa Clara University. Bob used to play football, and there was a coach from down there that thought Bob could come down and maybe get a scholarship. But he got down there and he wasn't big enough. But he stayed in school and went to Santa Clara. After he'd completed his sophomore year, the war was imminent and so he enlisted in the Air Force and got his commission. He wasn't twenty-one years old when he enlisted in the Air Force, and he got his commission at Stockton, I think it was, as a lieutenant, then was assigned to the group that was going to the Aleutians, and they flew up to the Aleutians. Then right at the outset of the war, their final training was at Payne Field at Everett, Washington. And Gloria, Bob's wife, was his girl when he was in high school and even in grade school. And he was up there at Payne Field and he phoned down here one night to his mother and says,

"Gloria and I want to get married. Will you bring her up here?" So Leola and I took her up. They were married there. And Bob went on to the Aleutians and fortunately came out of it. He got a Silver Star for getting Jap planes.

And he stayed in and came back to this country and was stationed in southern California. And they were sent overseas; [he] was sent to Iwo Jima. That's where he flew, off of Iwo Jima, for four years. He became a major and a squad leader. They were flying bombing missions over Japan about the same time that Joe was in prison over there. He told me one time, he says if he'd've stayed in it when the war was over, why, he says, "If I'd've stayed in another month," he says, "I could've been a colonel." He said, "I wouldn't've stayed in there another month if they'd made me a four-star general." He said the minute he could get out—.

Of course, in the meantime, Gloria'd lived here with us, and they'd had their baby. He wanted to get home, and he did. So he came home here and started at the University because he wanted to finish. He wanted to get a law degree, so he started to the University. And he said, "just to learn if he could study any more." So he got up there and went one semester. And he figured out that he could get back to studying. So then he got admitted to the University of San Francisco and was graduated there and then came up here and passed the Bar examination. And the first work he had was [as] an assistant to Alan Bible, who was then attorney general. That's how they got to be partners now.

So they've gone on from there. They've got one married son now. Boo, he was born in Spokane just after Bob was in the Aleutians. He was stationed at Ephrata. And then he was sent back, and they lived in a place called Soap Lake. He was still there at Ephrata base, and the baby was born in Spokane, which is

the nearest hospital to that base. Then they moved down to southern California. They were down there for quite a while. Then that's when he came back here and went to school and subsequently went down and studied law at the University of San Francisco. He couldn't get into Santa Clara because it was too crowded. But he was lucky enough to get into USF, which is a good law school.

Bob's a good lawyer. He likes it. He's got to the point now where he thinks he'd like to retire. He's gone fishing right now. He and his wife are way down in Baja California. He's got a daughter who's going to Santa Clara who will be graduated in June, and another son who is a student at Wooster, and another little daughter. Peggy, I don't know what [grade] she's in; she's probably in about the sixth grade by this time, or eighth grade; I don't know. She's a cute little monkey. She's my friend.

One of the things that I had that came as a result of being in the newspaper business: my son, Joe, who was graduated from the University and an engineer and also a journalism student, he got a contract with Morrison-Knudsen Company as an engineer to go down to Wake Island during the war. And when he was leaving for Wake Island, his mother and I took him down to San Francisco. And Joe had a girl friend, and she went along. And so my wife and this girl, they wanted to do some shopping, and I didn't want to do that, and so I told young Joe, I says, "Well, here. While they're doing that, let's you and I go down to the United Press office and see Frank Bartholomew and tell him what's happening."

And so we got there, and Frank said, "Well, look. You know that Wake Island's liable to be a hot spot during the war. And," he says, "if Joe's going over there," he says, "when he gets to Honolulu, why, see the UP head over there named Frank Tremaine, and maybe

he'll assign you as a string correspondent on Wake Island." And that's what Joe did, and he went over there and did that.

So Joe went to Wake Island, and he used to send a few items out. Of course, they couldn't send out much because everything had to be cleared by the Navy.

So after Pearl Harbor, of course, Wake Island was attacked by the Japanese, and Joe was still there. And this is the interesting part of this thing. At the time of the attack on Wake Island, he was down by what they called the "hospital" on Wake Island. And there was another young fellow there [by] the name of Joe McDonald. (Joe's name is Joe F. McDonald, and this boy's was Joe P. McDonald. He was in the recreation service there. He was from Cody, Wyoming.) The Japs came over, they dropped a bomb, and Joe had gone in the hospital because he'd had a cut finger and he was trying to get it fixed. And they dropped this bomb, and this other Joe McDonald was out in front of the hospital, he and some other fellows, digging a trench, and this bomb made a direct hit and killed this [other Joe]. Young Joe was back in the hospital, and he didn't get hurt. He said he dragged all the narcotics he could get ahold of and then he'd take them around and give them to these people that were wounded, the doctors and—. And then it was reported. Of course, they used to send reports out of there, all the casualties and wounded. The report that went out was that Joe McDonald was killed.

And in Honolulu, the records, they had a card index record of these fellows that worked on Wake Island. And as they went through there, why, Joe McDonald—they came across this [card] that was ahead of this other. He's Joe F. McDonald; this other guy's name was Joe P. McDonald. And Joe's name came ahead of it in this. And so the Navy wired to us that

young Joe had been killed, and Pat McCarran also wired that Joe had been killed.

And so we had the story in the paper. I wrote about it. And, oh, it was a month later, I guess, when Frank Sullivan, who was on the desk down there at that time, called me at night, he said, "I just got a dispatch here from young Joe."

And I says, "What do you mean?"

And he says, "This came from Wake Island, and," he says, "it was written after he was supposed to have been killed."

So that's the first inkling that we had that Joe hadn't been killed. And that's what happened. This dispatch had been written a few days after that raid on Wake Island. And the dispatch had been mailed out of Wake Island and had been kicked around the Pacific, different places, on airplanes, and finally got to Honolulu. And it described things that happened on Wake Island long after Joe was reported killed. And so we came to the conclusion then that Joe hadn't been killed. And so the United Press and Pat McCarran and the State Department, they went to work trying to find him. He had been loaded up with a bunch of prisoners and taken to Shanghai. And it must've been almost two months before we'd heard, got a card from him or anything. But that just shows—that was another coincidence from the newspaper. If I hadn't gone down to the UP office that day, we'd never known about this at all. If he hadn't been a special correspondent there on Wake Island, we would never have heard of that at all. It was just one of those lucky breaks.

Five years. He was in prison for five years—in Shanghai part of the time, and part of the time, when the war ended, they were up in a place called Nagato, way up in the northern end of Japan. Joe came out of it in good shape. The only thing, [he] kind of lost

his hair—malnutrition. But he came out of it in real good shape. He was very fortunate.

One of the reasons was he kept himself clean. Some of the boys who died over there, he said they'd get these Care packages or Red Cross packages, and they'd have food in them, and they'd sit down and eat the whole darn works, right now. And he said they never paid any attention to keeping themselves clean. And Joe said he rigged up a shower there, where he could take a shower and get clean, keep clean. He said that's the reason he was [alive]. He said he watched his food so that he didn't gorge himself and didn't get *beri-beri* like some of 'em. That's what they died from, some of 'em.

And he said those Japs in charge of those camps weren't bad at all. He said they were just doing a job. He said they were Japanese soldiers. He said, "They had a job to do, and," he said, "if you behaved yourself, they left you alone." He said he never had any trouble with them.

He told one interesting little story there. While he was on Wake Island, we bought him a watch at that time. It was one of those kind of watches that was dustproof and waterproof and—I've forgotten now—not like these Timexes, but some other kind of a watch. So we sent him that for Christmas, or something. And he had that watch, and he said there was one Japanese lieutenant there who was just nuts about that watch. And Joe said he had no use for a watch. He wasn't going anyplace. So he said he walked in where this lieutenant was one time and took the watch and threw it in a bucket of water there, and he says, "That Japanese lieutenant just *had to have that watch*." And he said to Joe, "How much you take for the watch?"

And Joe says, "How much you give me?"

He says, "I'll give you twelve cartons of cigarettes."

Joe says, "All right, I'll take it," see, because cigarettes were money over there then, and really [salable].

And he turned to this fellow that was more or less in charge of the commissary, a Jap sergeant who went to Shanghai and bought provisions for the [men], and he told him, He says, "You give Joe twelve cartons of cigarettes. You get 'em."

So the guy says, "Okay."

And he said this sergeant'd go to Shanghai and he'd buy stuff when he'd get drunk. And he'd come back and he'd give Joe a carton of cigarettes, and then he'd forget that he gave it to him. Joe said he must've got twenty-four cartons of cigarettes for that watch. He sold the cigarettes or traded 'em for food. He said you could trade them for most anything. I thought that was kind of interesting. Oh, he had a lot of funny experiences. But those—I had nothin' to do with those.

We kept a scrapbook of everything that happened that we could ever get ahold of. It was one of those big books, you know, that they used to have wallpaper in, one of those wallpaper [books]. It's just *filled*, and I gave that to his wife. It's got every scrap of paper that's about him, and all the wires that we got from the State Department. Cordell Hull at that time was the Secretary of State. And he did everything in the world he could to get Joe out of prison. And the Japanese finally said that Joe was a war correspondent, and no war correspondents in prison could get out. So they just wouldn't let him out. So he was up in that prison when Halsey came in, and Halsey released 'em all. And he got home safe and sound. We went to San Francisco and met him when he got off the boat with all the others.

First thing we did, we went down to the old—remember the old Golden Pheasant in San Francisco? We went down there for lunch.

We went in, and what did he do? He ordered a bottle of milk and a head of lettuce. And that's what two nurses—two army nurses who had been in prison, too, that's what they ordered. They were at the next table.

So Joe, First he went to Sacramento to get married. Then he went back to Washington to study law, and was graduated back there from George Washington College of Law and was admitted to the Bar in the District of Columbia and came out here and went to Las Vegas and started to practice law. Then, he decided he'd get into the building business. He didn't like to practice law, and that's what he's doing today.

Joe and Mary Jean have a daughter who lives back in Silver Springs, Maryland. And they have one son. She has one son. Then he has another daughter, Tracy, who goes to school at Santa Catalina, going to a school for girls in Monterey, and another daughter, Sally, who was married in Las Vegas and has a baby and lives here. She's just training now to be a practical nurse. She's over in Veterans' Hospital. The little boy, their little son, he's in—what is he in? He's in about the seventh grade, I guess. Joey the third.

Joe is a lawyer. He practices; once in a great while, he'll take a case. But he doesn't like it. He had a law practice in Las Vegas when he first came back, went down there and he just didn't like it. He said he didn't like [being] confined in an office. He wanted to be out doing things, and that's why he went into the contracting business. And he's been quite successful in it. I don't know how much—. He told me one time, he says he owned more apartment units in Reno than any other two men. And he says, "I think I owe more than any five men for 'em!" But he dearly loves that.

That's my family. It's quite a family. My wife was quite a gal.



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CONCLUSION

What success I've had in the world has been my good fortune in making good friends all down through the years, starting when I was a youngster. And the friendships I've made all through my life gave me an incentive to keep working. I feel that anybody can make a success if they do their work. But you just have to work and enjoy what you're doing. When you enjoy your work, why, you're going to be successful. I've often said that there was never a day when I was in the newspaper business that was long enough. You always had something to do to keep it going. You can work, just keep working and working and working. There was never enough time in a day to finish everything up the way you wanted to. So you never got bored. That was one thing in the newspaper work. There was never a minute that you could ever get bored or tired of it. You met so many fine people.

Philosophically, I can say that my good fortune is in the friends I made all through the years from the time I was a youngster, right through to the time I retired. It was a great part of my life, great asset. I was just

fortunate and lucky. Even in the old mining camp days, when I was selling papers, I had lots of good friends among the gamblers and other businessmen. And I always tried to reciprocate. When somebody did something for me, I always tried to reciprocate. I'm not bragging about this; this is true. And I think it's a good practice for anybody, that you just have to be able to give and to take—give graciously and take thankfully.





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